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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

Editor



PAYING THE POLITICAL FIDDLERS

WELL-WISHERS of Mayor-elect Sebastian are heard expressing a sincere hope that the victor in Tuesday's municipal election may have no cause to regret his triumph in the months to come. Few individuals elected to office in Los Angeles in many years have had so difficult a task before them as this same Sebastian must face. He is under heavy obligations to certain persons who will not scruple to press their advantage to the limit, and in attempting to pay his political debts it is feared the harassed and bedeviled mayor will come to grief. There are those who assert that had the doddering Whiffenpoof nosed out the chief of police in his aspirations the latter would escape many trials and tribulations that are morally sure to hamper his administration and ruin his efficiency as city executive.

This is not the emanation of a pessimist, but the deduction that follows from cause and effect. Curiously conflicting elements temporarily blended to insure Sebastian's election and that there will be a terrible combustion before long, when these naturally opposing substances feel the friction, is a certainty. Better for the mayor when the cataclysm comes that a millstone were hanged about his neck and the broad Pacific engulfed him than that he should live to experience that day. Meanwhile, our sympathies rather than our felicitations are extended to him in this hour of his apparent triumph, for we are constrained to believe that a most unhappy time is ahead of him. The vote cast Tuesday bears out our previous assertions that any other candidate than the Whiffenpoof could have defeated Sebastian. Snowden or Wheeler, for example, would have run well; witness the vote cast for the latter for the council, twenty-three thousand in excess of Topham, the ninth successful candidate to receive indorsement. It is a curious fact that Sebastian was able to enlist warm support from the women living in the Westlake district, also from the church-going constituency. A study of the vote by precincts reveals the truth of this assertion. It is construed by his friends as a further vindication of his reputation which the recent trial threatened.

As for the council, the return of Betkowski, while deplorable was inevitable. His blatant type is bound to enlist a strong following. Dr. Langdon is happily indorsed and the selection of Robert T. Brain and "Tossie" Wright ought to prove helpful. An innovation in local politics is the election of a woman to the city council in the person of Estelle L. Lindsey, who, while

she has yet to demonstrate the value of her services, is known to hold social views that if put to practical test may benefit the masses. In the school election controversy the non-partisan ticket is five-sevenths successful, two of the so-called pro-Francis candidates receiving indorsement. Former Judge Walter Bordwell is honored by receiving the highest vote of any candidate cast at the election. In selecting the material for a board of freeholders the voters seem to have exercised fair judgment, although the indorsement of one or two pestiferous annexationists is to be regretted. Our sympathies are with the taxpayers in the majority vote cast for the two platoon ordinance, adding about \$400,000 a year to the budget, and for the tuberculosis nurses proposition costing at least \$60,000 more annually. Los Angeles surely is heavily burdened. Yet we are still wasting large sums of money on gigantic sp-t boxes that occupy valuable space on the sidewalks and which are an affront to good taste.

MEXICO'S FACTIONS WARNED

SIGNS point to the beginning of the end in the interminable Mexican conflict. Surely, if the United States was justified in intervening in Cuba, for humanity's sake, the time has arrived to perform a like act of mercy in a country so much nearer to us and with which we are so closely affiliated in a business way. It would seem that the rope has been sufficiently stretched which President Wilson has allowed the contending factions and that it is imperative for Uncle Sam to take a stout pull at it and so end the irritating conditions prevalent across the border. No capacious critic can truthfully say that this country has been itching to interfere in the internecine warfare that has ravaged the neighboring republic since President Diaz retired; it is the prolonged failure to establish a stable government that now impels a change of attitude on the part of the United States.

That President Wilson contemplates a radical move calculated to settle the exasperating conditions Mexico is experiencing is indicated by his recent warning to the heads of the various contending parties that either they must get together and agree on a provisional president or this government would take steps to settle the controversy for them. Not in so many words is this stated, but the phraseology employed may be so construed. What other meaning can be gained from the statement that if the reign of anarchy continues unabated the American government would lend "its active moral support to some man or group of men, if such may be found, in an effort to ignore if they cannot unite, the warring factions of the country." Our sole aim would be to restore constitutional government to the country, which none of the present warring factions seems able to do.

Meanwhile, it is stated, based on what appear to be well authenticated facts, that thousands of peon families whose heads have been drafted into the several armies, are suffering for the necessities of life and that unless the United States furnishes food and clothing the conditions, distressing enough as they are, will presently become much worse. To quote from President Wilson's call-to-account message: "Mexico is apparently no nearer a solution of her tragical troubles than she was when the revolution was first kindled. And she has been swept by civil war as if by fire. Her crops are destroyed, her

fields lie unseeded, her work cattle are confiscated for the use of the armed factions, her people flee to the mountains to escape being drawn into unavailing bloodshed and no means seems to see or lend the way to peace and settled order. There is no proper protection either for her own citizens or for the citizens of other nations resident and at work within her territory. Mexico is starving and without a government." Unless this warning is heeded and acted upon the United States must interfere in the name of humanity. In what form the President does not say. Possibly, he has not yet determined.

EVASIVE REPLY FROM BERLIN

GERMANY'S reply to President Wilson's note is precisely as expected. It is an attempt at justification for the sinking of the Lusitania by asserting that the liner was armed—distinctly disproved by the New York port federal officer—and that, anyhow, the passengers might have escaped had it not been for the internal explosion of ammunition carried as cargo. Captain Turner, it is observed, is a naval reserve man, and his ship is listed as an auxiliary war vessel. But what does that prove? Nearly all the captains of the English merchant marine are naval reserve men and while the Lusitania was subject to impressment as an auxiliary cruiser, no guns were mounted on her in deference to the wishes of the United States government. That the loss of life was greater owing to the sudden foundering of the Lusitania, possibly due to the causes stated, is probably true, but who was it caused the explosions. Who dealt, without warning, the dastardly death blow?

Indirectness and evasion are the chief characteristics of the German reply. It is a typical diplomatic document, unsatisfactory and irritating in that it avoids meeting the blunt demands of the President, expressed through the department of state, that submarine warfare on merchant ships of whatever country must cease and the lives of American citizens, non-combatants, be guaranteed immunity from attack on the high seas. To this determined stand of the President there is no response. The German government would palaver the question, meanwhile, however, continuing to torpedo British ships carrying neutrals as the opportunity offers, with an occasional diversion in the torpedoing of an American vessel which is sunk first and the action apologized for as a "mistake" later. Possibly, Berlin thinks Washington is merely putting up a bluff in demanding a cessation of attacks on unarmed passenger ships and that she can philander in correspondence for an indefinite period without incurring the just wrath of America.

However, there is a stubborn streak in President Wilson, despite his peaceable nature and we opine that the answer he is now concocting to the German note will, in the choicest, tersest, clearest English, make it plain to the Kaiser's government that the United States means exactly what it says when it demands hands off American citizens, neutrals, in transit from port to port. If no guarantee is forthcoming in response, the severance of all diplomatic relations and the retirement of the German ambassador will be the logical sequence of events. One gratifying aspect of the situation, since the President's note was dispatched, is the rallying to the American viewpoint of many prominent German-American citizens, neutrals, in transit from port to port. If man in their attitude toward the war. Noting

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this tendency we find the New York Nation declaring, "Since the sinking of the Lusitania, there are thousands of men of German stock, who, while loving Germany intensely and proud of her great achievements, abhor as do the rest of us Americans that awful spirit of ruthless force which has submerged all that is best and highest in her traditions and in the spirit of her people." That our fellow citizens of German descent have been in a most trying position since the invasion and sacking of Belgium has been apparent to every student, but we have never doubted that in a crisis affecting their adopted country and the land of their forefathers, their fidelity to American institutions would be unequivocally expressed.

PARADISE FOR CRIMINALS

A GAIN is justice mocked by the governor of California who in defiance of the merits of the case has reprieved, for no adequate reason, the condemned murderer, Burr Harris, who nearly two years ago, so wantonly battered to death an elderly woman in Los Angeles, whom he sought to rob. The apology for this reprehensible executive clemency is that more time is wanted to make investigations concerning the case. This same tenuous excuse is offered for similar interference with the law in regard to another condemned negro murderer, from Alameda county, and Louis Bundy, who murdered a messenger boy in this city late in 1913. All these many months, with no question as to the guilt of the condemned and yet the governor, a former criminal lawyer, continues to disregard the law of capital punishment and advertise to the world of criminals this haven for their kind.

It is a sorry performance and a wholly mistaken course. The first duty of the executive is to the social order and its welfare is best conserved by enforcing the law. The wilful murderer is entitled to consideration, only in accordance with the facts governing his crime. Under great provocation, in the heat of passion incited by flagrant wrongs, there may be just cause for executive clemency to the extent of commuting the legal sentence to life imprisonment, but in the three cases cited, a review of the testimony adduced at the trials of the condemned fails to reveal any reasonable excuse for gubernatorial interference. Yet under the pretext of further time needed to study the cases, Governor Johnson again has postponed execution of the sentences of this precious trio and the law is to that extent brought into contempt. It is a bad example that the governor sets. His sworn duty is to uphold the laws as they exist on the statute books. Because his professional training inculcated a tendency to defend the criminal kind from the consequences of their illegal acts wrong standards have resulted and his high office is prostituted.

So long as the constitution of California decrees that convicted murderers shall be hanged for their crimes, it is incumbent upon the governor to see that the law is carried out. Occasions will arise when executive clemency is both justifiable and commendable, but we have seen few instances in the state in the last fifteen years to warrant such a step. Justice was given a terrible jolt when the sentence of George Figueroa, brutal wife murderer of Santa Monica, was commuted by the former lieutenant-governor, Wallace, now a tentative candidate for United States senator to succeed John D. Works, and tentative murderers by the same token received strong encouragement from that act as they are now getting from the governor's course in arresting justice. We affirm that for every murderer who escapes his deserts by the unwarranted interference noted half a dozen innocent lives are placed in jeopardy. No community can expect reasonable immunity from potential murderers where the laws are in such official contempt as is true of California. If the state would inject wholesale

fear of the law into the hearts and minds of the criminally disposed it must first of all demonstrate a rigid determination to exact prompt and adequate punishment for infractions of the statutes. The indefensible acts of the governor together with the unwarranted abuse of the probation laws are helping to make of California a paradise for criminals.

ON A PARITY WITH OTHER FOLLIES

CONSISTENT with the extravagant and wasteful policy that frittered away thousands of dollars in "beautifying" the county roads with sections of chicken fence, as a trellis work for pale pink discouraged roses, the board of supervisors is said to have closed a lease for the Monolith cement mill that stipulates a rental price of \$27,500 a year to the city and obligates the county to pay a royalty of 55-6 cents on every barrel of cement manufactured, and in addition a two per cent charge for depreciation, amounting to \$11,000. Considering that the city has not been able to manufacture cement for less than \$2 a barrel and that the county is able to buy all it can use at \$1.60 laid down in Los Angeles, this plunge into a doubtful undertaking savors of extremely poor judgment.

We are told that the board is going to "experiment" for a year, with the option of extending the lease to four years and the right to buy the plant at a fixed price of \$550,000. Why should the county treasury be mulcted for a dubious enterprise of this nature? To call it an experiment is a figure of speech merely since the city has long ago demonstrated that the mill is certain to set its operators back thousands of dollars annually. Not only must the plant be rehabilitated and new equipment be supplied by the lessees, but a working capital will have to be put aside to carry the manufactured article and provide for the deficit of operation. If the county supervisors are so bent on embarking in the manufacturing business why not establish a county bakery, as Mr. W. F. Knight of Pasadena has sarcastically suggested? There is a government bakery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, that is now turning out a 32-oz. loaf of bread for four cents, as contrasted with the 10-oz. loaf at five cents of a private bakery at Lawton. We thus particularize so that the sapient county board may hasten to take advantage of this golden opportunity to lease one of the numerous bakeries hereabouts.

We desire to congratulate the city council on its cleverness in getting a temporary income out of the plant that was to have cost the people \$300,000 and ran up to a million. It has been a poor investment from the start since the product has been under suspicion and the cost greater than cement furnished by private concerns. Why the board of supervisors should desire to burn up the county's money in the manner proposed is not clear. If the city, which uses ten times the quantity of cement consumed by the county in a given time, cannot operate the mill to advantage, it is folly or presumption on the part of the board of supervisors to try its 'prentice hand.

AMENDED JITNEY ORDINANCE NEXT

ATTENTION of Councilman Roberts is particularly directed to the emphatic rejection by the people of the initiative jitney ordinance, together with the aspirations of Mr. "Jitney" Williams to a seat in the city council. These dual instances should convince the author of the namby-pamby jitney ordinance now on the statute books that the temper of the community is opposed to half-way measures dealing with the regulation of the jitney traffic. Doubtless, if the Whiffenpoof candidate for mayor had evinced the slightest tendency to conserve the rights of the majority in the passage of a regulating ordinance he might have won enough additional votes to have turned the balance in his favor. Nearly

ten thousand more votes were cast against the jitney initiative ordinance than Councilman Roberts received for re-election, which ought to convince him of the unpopularity of his course.

We shall hope to see him striving at an early date to rectify his past errors of judgment by the introduction of an amended ordinance that will more nearly represent the wishes of the people in regard to the jitney traffic. In this commendable course he should receive the warm support of his colleagues who ought to be sagacious enough to recognize the desire of their constituents. We doubt if the community will placidly accept the present ordinance. It does not guarantee sufficient protection to the public in the event of accidents to life and property, and by no means regulates a traffic that is disposed to go whithersoever it listeth and in defiance of municipal regulations. Other cities, similarly obsessed, have not failed to take prompt action in reducing the menacing tendencies of the jitney service to a minimum. It is absurd to palter with a matter fraught with so much danger to the community. Vigorous and effective action is needed.

Let this, then, be among the earliest legislation to be considered by the incoming city council. There should be an indemnity policy demanded of at least \$10,000, a clause inhibiting any deviation from a prescribed route and interdiction of occupation of the running boards of an auto-bus by passengers. Broadway between Third and Ninth streets should be barred to the jitney traffic. That thoroughfare needs to be relieved of its present congestion in justice to the mercantile business, as well as to pre-existent traffic; to admit the jitney buses to that part of the business section is to do injustice to many abutting interests that have prior rights by reason of costly leases and heavy taxes. Justice to the majority, not special privileges to the minority, should be the ruling thought in drawing up an amended ordinance.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

AMONG the concessionaires in the Joy Zone of the Exposition a few have been playing in hard luck while their neighbors have been reaping a golden harvest. A special Zone Day was arranged last week, and its success was pronounced, the day's attendance being nearly 100,000. Many spectacular features were arranged, including the blowing up of a papier mache battleship which had been hauled within a few hundred feet of the anchorage of the old bulldog, the Oregon. Half an hour before the advertised explosion the Oregon sedately steamed away from the scene of impending action. The mimic battleship had been constructed over the hull of an ancient ferryboat, long out of commission. A submarine mine powerful enough to destroy a modern dreadnought had been laid, and within two seconds of the pressing of a button at Fort Scott the mimic battleship had vanished from sight, nothing remaining but splintered timbers on the face of the waters. Upward of 50,000 spectators held their breath during the moment's sensation. This was only one of scores of festivities arranged to make "Zone Day" memorable, and the day's celebration was so successful that similar carnivals may be held at intervals in the life of the Fair.

* * *

There was another large reduction in the force of Exposition guards last week, the third since the opening three months ago. The initial force consisted of 690 men. More than a hundred guards were let out last week, reducing the body to one-half the original size. The excellent order that prevails throughout the Exposition grounds has enabled the management to practise this economy without any deterioration in efficient patrolling of the buildings and grounds.

* * *

Sousa has been giving three open-air concerts daily, and no free feature of the Exposition is so appreciated by the public excepting only the daily flights of the wonderfully daring and ingenious aviator, Art Smith. Not only in the Exposition grounds but on all the neighboring hills large crowds gather—whether Smith is advertised to perform in the afternoon or at 11 o'clock at

night—to thrill over his phenomenal gyrations in the air. And his repertoire of curves seems inexhaustible.

* * *

Leading lights of the Labor Unions are solemnly urging a six-hour day as a solution of the unemployed problem. The Bay Counties District Council of Carpenters has started a campaign to poll its members on this delightful proposition, and it is stated that if the carpenters endorse the plan the Building Trades Council will look with favor upon a movement to secure a six-hour day for all union mechanics within its jurisdiction. The fact is recalled that at the last convention of the American Federation of Labor P. H. McCarthy introduced a resolution favoring a work day of six hours, and that the convention went on record in favor of the shorter day "whenever it could be brought about." It is to be doubted, however, if McCarthy as a candidate for mayor is anxious to have this proposition seriously ventilated during his campaign.

* * *

Mayor Rolph, doubtless wearying of his daily task of speechmaking at Exposition functions, broke out into versification at a banquet the other evening. He started gallantly enough by rhyming Argentina with marina, but coming to California could not do better than "adorn her." The Rolphic muse has been silenced since that strain. Meanwhile, one of our ex-mayors, Dr. E. R. Taylor, misses few opportunities for inditing odes.

* * *

Foremost among the delegates to the National Child Labor convention which concluded its sessions Monday was Dr. Felix Adler of Columbia University, famous for his practical work in sociology. Dr. Adler had not been in San Francisco for 37 years, and it is interesting to recall the fact that at his former visit he was responsible for founding the first kindergarten in this city. He is a strenuous advocate of a national child labor law, "forbidding interstate commerce of articles made by children under 14 years old, and under 16 working at night." Mrs. Adler has also devoted a lifetime to child welfare campaigning. It was largely due to her efforts that manual training was first introduced in the public schools of New York and that trade schools have become an important factor in the economic life of the metropolis.

* * *

That day last week when the jitney ordinance went into effect the number of those dangerous vehicles on Market Street was reduced by one-half. Apparently, the business is not profitable enough to stand the \$96 premium on the requisite bond as well as the \$10 to \$14 municipal tax. Despite the fact that only about one thousand jitneys are now in operation the daily toll of automobile accidents has been unusually heavy.

* * *

We were reminded Sunday of the startling difference in temperature on the Peninsula and "across the bay." While the annual graduating exercises of the San Francisco State Normal School, held in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, were broken up by the number of students and women spectators prostrated by the heat, the mercury in San Francisco did not rise above 62 degrees. Moreover, the maximum temperature recorded in Oakland Sunday was only 74 degrees. And yet more than fifty victims of prostration from the excessive heat were reported at the graduating exercises. Heat prostration is evidently as dangerously contagious as hysteria.

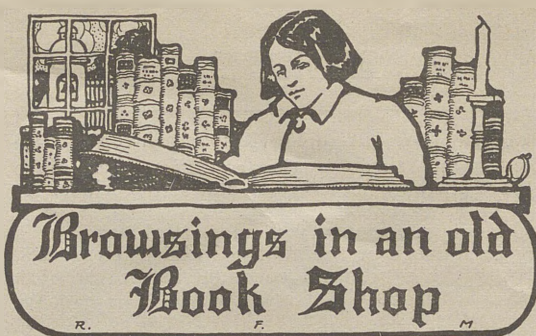
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It has suddenly been discovered that most of the twenty-foot billboards are outlaw institutions. Foster and Kleiser—the Portland firm which has succeeded to the business of the late J. Charles Green—have evidently been testing the patience of the civic authorities. One of the advantages of putting up billboards without permits is that you escape paying any license-tax to the city.

San Francisco, June 2. R. H. C.

Is "Jitney" of Sanskrit Origin?

Here is a belated contribution to the jitney derivation controversy which Prof. J. M. Dixon of U. of S. C. has just received from a former student of the college, now at Magpur, in Central India. He writes: "I notice in the California Christian Advocate of Feb. 11 a paragraph re inquiries you are making as to the etymology of the word jitney. We have a word in everyday use out here that is pronounced the same, is spelled the same except that the final 'y' is omitted. Jitne is the masculine plural form of a Hindu word meaning 'so much' and 'as much as.' It is one of a series of correlatives. It possibly comes from the Sanskrit root. I do not know how it might have become domiciled on the other side of the world." Next!



I HAD long wanted to get a copy of George Colman's (the younger) "Random Records," the last literary production of the ablest and most successful comic dramatist of his day, and this week, at the Old Book Shop, my search was rewarded by finding an excellent first edition (1830), in two volumes, of the author's memoirs. George Colman's father was a playwright and actor-manager, of whose good reputation the son was so proud that when his own comedy, "The Iron Chest," at first a failure, was scored by the critics, the author added "the younger" to his name. "Lest my father's memory," he says, "may be injured by mistakes . . . I shall, were I to reach the age of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic productions) to subscribe myself George Colman, the Younger." Like so many of the successful English dramatists, young Colman was educated with a view to the bar, but the drama early engrossed his attention and diverted him from the law. When his father's illness incapacitated him from managing the Haymarket theater, the son assumed control and for seven years thereafter he directed the destinies of that house. But he was not over-prudent and entangling lawsuits drove him into that retreat of debtors, the King's Bench, where George IV, with whom he was a favorite, came to his aid by appointing him to the remunerative post of licenser and examiner of plays. No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theater as Colman, the Younger, or afforded so much genuine mirth and humor to playgoers. Colman's weakness was a tendency to farce, but as an entertainer he had few superiors. His "Heir at Law," in which Dr. Pangloss (not Voltaire's philosopher), an airy prig of a private tutor figures, has kept the boards to this day in the English provinces.

As a youngster, Colman was actually drowned in the Thames, but by vigorous rubbings and other rough exterior applications, circulation was restored and the lad went back to school laughing with his chum, who had brought his insensible body to shore, over the huge joke. He tells of a call he made with his father on Dr. Samuel Johnson, next to whom he sat at dinner. The doctor, as we know, was a huge feeder, but here is a close picture of him at table. Says Colman: "During the display of his voracity, the perspiration fell in copious drops from his visage upon the table-cloth; the clumsiness of the bulky animal, his strange costume, his uncouth gestures, yet the dominion which he usurped withal, rendered his presence a phenomena among gentlemen. It was the incursion of a new species of barbarian, a learned Attila, king of the Huns, come to subjugate polished society."

Dr. Goldsmith died when Colman was eleven, but the genial biographer of the village preacher was a great friend of the elder Colman and from the age of five the younger one and "Poor Noll" had been merry playfellows. Of Samuel Foote, the actor-dramatist, Colman says that his earliest notices of him were far from flattering. "But, though they had none of Goldsmith's tendencies, they had none of Johnson's ferocity, and when he accosted me with his usual salutation of 'Blow your nose, child!' there was a whimsical manner, and a broad grin upon his features, which always made me laugh." Comments Colman: "The paradoxical celebrity which Foote enjoyed upon the stage was very singular. His satirical sketches were scarcely dramas, and he could not be called a good, legitimate performer. Yet there is no Shakespeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theater for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writing, and for ten years of his time, upon a wooden leg!" Young Colman tells of seeing the wooden leg detached from the actor and standing by the bedside, so that while the Foote was in bed, the leg was out of it. It was in 1777 that the elder Colman bought Foote's interest in the Haymarket.

Another friendship which he acquired from his father was with Garrick, the great Roscius. He did not quit the stage until Colman was nearly fourteen and the lad had many opportunities to study his art. He was, says Colman, an actor

supereminent in Hamlet, Lear, Richard III, Benedict, Don Felix, Lusignan and Abel Druggier. There was only one character that he overacted—the part of Garrick; always, he was acting, both on and off the stage.

Gibbon, the historian, Colman rates highly for his transcendent abilities, his polished conversation, his excellent breeding, as contrasted with Dr. Johnson. His father's youngest guests in time became his own oldest friends, as for instance, Sheridan and Erskine. The year prior to his father's taking over the lease of the Haymarket, in 1776, Colman recalls, as the time when Londoners, disregarding of the American Declaration of Independence, were gaily singing the newly imported song of "Yankee-Doodle Dandy." It was that year which saw Garrick's retirement from the stage. But while Colman's reminiscences, doubtless had great interest for his readers of 1830, they are not of absorbing moment in this day and age, save wherein they refer to noted actors or literary celebrities. The second volume of "Random Records" is a sad disappointment, since it deals mainly with trivialities and becomes the garrulous recollections of an old gentleman—Colman was then nearing seventy. The first volume is by far the more entertaining of the two. However, I am glad to get this addition to my dramatic library.

Colman the Younger was a clever poet as well as a dramatist. I remember as a lad at school to have learned by heart his humorous "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," that harrowing recital of Will Waddle's experience in renting a room in London, in a house owned by a baker. The bed, it appears, was immediately over the oven. Will had complained of the heat repeatedly, but the cause was not divulged until after six months of discomfort had passed, when the landlord casually informed him of the circumstance:

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host: "Why this passion? In that excellent bed died three people of fashion. Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking, "Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms. Cried the host, with a sneer, "Well, I see, you've been going away half a year." "Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel," Will said; "But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."

Another old favorite of my early youth, "The Newcastle Apothecary," is Colman's work. It will be recalled that to a sick country patient a prescription was sent having the label, "When taken, to be well shaken," and the bumpkin servants instead of shaking the lotion in the bottle, shook their master to such effect that when the apothecary called next morning this colloquy ensued:

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum—ha!—that's very odd! He took the draught?" John gave a nod. "Well, how? What then? Speak out, you dunce!" "Why, then," says John, "we shook him once." "Shook him! How?" Bolus stammered out. "We jolted him about." "Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do." "No, sir, and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! Ods curse!" "Twould make a patient worse." "It did so, sir; and so a third we tried." "Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my master died."

My copy of "Random Records" was once the property of John Harward, whose armorial bearings are shown on the inside cover of the first volume. It was bought at the "Stillwell Sale" in October 1891, by William Cushing Bamburgh, so a note on the flyleaf informs me, but what its history since that date and how it journeyed to Los Angeles, who knows? S. T. C.

Harry Carr's Ardent Wish Gratified

I hear that Harry Carr, assistant managing editor of the Times, and one of the most valued members of the editorial staff, is to have his ardent wish gratified in that he is to be sent to the seat of war abroad, or as near as he can approach, to act as special correspondent for his paper. It is a well-deserved compliment to the brilliant writer and strategical student whose thoughtful articles on the progress of the war since its inception have been a Sunday feature of the paper. For years Harry Carr has been studying military strategy and I recall how deeply interested he was in the outgivings of the late Homer Lee, whose several books on the subject at heart were read from cover to cover by the newspaper man. I expect to see many entertaining letters from Harry when he gets to the front and I am sure his paper will be well repaid for the expense of maintaining him abroad. It is a well-earned recognition of superior fitness for the task.

Over Seas to Old Salumbar

---By Eleanor Maddock

INDIA now seems farther away than ever since the intervening space is literally the road to war fraught with peril and strewn with wreckage. Through the narrow straits of Gibraltar, under the shadow of the great rock fortress with its mass of hidden guns and powerful searchlights, on to Port Said, "The Gateway of the East," all its glamour, wickedness and color suddenly engulfed by the grim warships massed within its harbor. The familiar Suez Canal, too, presents a strange appearance; its mud banks once so monotonous, are now one long line of fortifications, stretching far out into the desert. Then across the Indian Ocean, where last autumn skulked the pirate "Emden."

October 5 more than forty troopships from India passed Ismalia within five hours, carrying to the front thousands of fine, upstanding Sikhs, handsome Rajputs, and stony-faced little Gurkhas, who, during the voyage employed their time in sharpening their kookries, those murderous curved knives which the Germans have lately felt so keenly. At Bombay there were twenty-one troopships lying in the harbor waiting to embark the second Indian contingent, among which were several princes and sons of ruling chiefs, notably the Maharajah of Kishangurh accompanied by a small army of his courtiers who stood disconso-

being Chanda, one of the Rajput princes of Chitor, famous through the centuries that have elapsed for an act of loyalty and self-sacrifice. It is a story that bears telling.

One day an embassy from a neighboring raja was announced at the court of Maharana Lakha, bearing the symbolical cocoanut as an offer of marriage for his eldest son Chanda, who was absent at the time. By a mistake it was laid at the feet of the aged king, who, caressing his grey moustache, jestingly remarked, "I am sure you never propose to offer such little playthings for a snow-white beard like mine." The young prince on his return to the court, hearing of the occurrence, at once surmised that his father also craved the hand of the beautiful princess Hamsabai, and he determined to sacrifice his own tender longings to those of his venerable father, before whom he dutifully knelt: "Loved father mine, what Rajput maid would glance at one like me, of what worth my foolish youth when weighed against thy long and gallant life?"

"Folly indeed, dear son, to weigh age and youth together; go hence, bring home thy bride to reign in Mewar."

Forth rode the handsome prince in all haste across the sandy plain to the court of the raja, who, though surprised at the abruptness of the

stones, set close together. Very few, if any, such walls are to be found elsewhere in India, and some of the oldest houses, too, are built in the same way, except that they are covered with chunam, a smooth white plaster, resembling marble, and almost as durable.

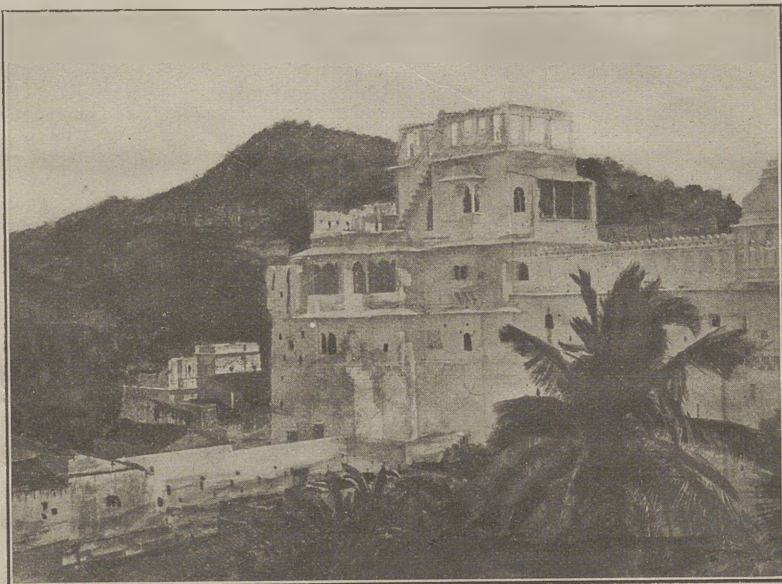
The Rao himself met us at the top of steps leading down into the court yard, and conducted us to one of the reception rooms where a repast was spread of fruit, wine, native sweetmeats and delicious, but quite unknown food, served in little silver dishes. These, with the drinking cups and spoons, were of pure flexible silver, worked and hammered thin entirely by hand. The Rao sat with us while the men of his court stood around, but being a high caste Hindu he could not eat with us. As is the custom, strains of music came floating in from an unseen quarter. I was permitted to see the women, who, of course, are "purdah" which means that they are never seen by men, other than the members of the immediate family. Their apartments occupied a distant portion of the palace, where, far up in the walls were rows of latticed windows. The way led through lofty state apartments, hung with enormous chandeliers of colored glass, the floors covered with white cotton cloth, up flights of steps, along dim narrow corridors, with fleeting glimpses into rooms spread with mats and heaped up cushions; then across a broad, flat-roofed courtyard, past groups of curious serving women, eager to have a look at the strange "memsahib."

Now, in the east, it is not considered etiquette for a guest to discuss in public the women of the family, but, briefly one may say that both the Rani and the Princess Padma are most attractive, their beauty lying, as with most high caste Hindu women, in the striking oriental eyes, which are large and dark with just a hint of pathos lurking in their depths.

In a courtyard, on the edge of the lotus tank, shaded by old twisted neem trees, and bright with flaming marigolds and other flowering shrubs, was a temple with two fine Shiva bulls, carved from solid blocks of black marble; bright gongs of brass and swinging lamps shone in the dim interior. From here the way led to the oldest portion of the palace into a maze of stone galleries and through low doors, where it was impossible to stand upright, old and dark with age. There were fearful flights of stairs, some leading along the surface of the outside walls, where each step was fully fifteen inches high, worn smooth as glass by countless bare and sandaled feet. Wonderful old armor was heaped recklessly on the floor of a roof apartment; strange knives, of ancient make, the famous Mewari tulwars, and heavy flintlocks, some most elaborately inlaid with gold and silver; suits of delicate chain armor, that were no doubt fashioned for kings and Rajput warriors of royal blood, far back in the days of India's splendor when wars were constant. The Rao himself informed us that to his knowledge these weapons had lain in the palace for two hundred years or more. With these people to express admiration of a portable object means its instant bestowal on oneself, so that we departed from Salumbar rich in the possession of a gold damascened flintlock and a silver-and-gold hilted sword in a chain scabbard.

But it was quite in keeping that there should be a mild adventure. A kind of festival was being held in the streets of the city, processions of gaily clad people and musicians blowing those enormous brass instruments which give forth a terrific sound. Progress was difficult. The Rao, who had insisted upon accompanying us beyond the city walls, gave an order for the carriage to stop. We got down, and none too soon either, for just at that moment, the horses, thoroughly frightened by the noise, bolted amidst a swirl of brilliant garments, turbans and flying feet. From the rocking vehicle our precious gun was hurled out onto the hard sunbaked earth, but was picked up quite uninjured; it was never fashioned with such infinite pains, by clever hands long since dust, for nothing.

Sadly, and with deep regret, we passed out through the great arched gateway, flanked on either side by the massive stone bastions, bidding farewell to our courteous "old world" host. And, although months have elapsed, there still lingers about the garments worn upon that occasion the haunting eastern fragrance of the sprinkled rosewater, the betel wrapped in silver, and the flower garlands which were hung about our necks in the old city of Salumbar far away across the seas in the mountain fastnesses of Rajputana.



MAHARANA'S RESIDENCE AT OLD SALUMBAR

late on the jetty as their beloved "Momarji" walked slowly up the gang plank alone, clad in simple soldier's khaki.

But this is a long chapter quite apart; one day it will all be written, when the war is over. The tension slackens perceptibly as one leaves the beaten track and proceeds into the native states of Rajputana, that vast portion of country lying toward the northwest of India where thrilling life dramas, tragedies and battles have been lived, endured and fought; the land of the finest and proudest race in all India, the Hindu Rajputs. Here we see the real India, villages where the customs are strange and ancient, wonderful old fortified cities without number, all unique, each in its own way. But they are mostly inaccessible to Europeans except through the courtesy of a Rajah or ruling prince in laying a dak, that is, providing a carriage with horses at certain distances along the route.

Salumbar is one such city, situated two days' journey from Udaipur by carriage dak, or one for a swift horseman through mountain passes, along jungle ravines and across a desert of dazzling white sand, and among huge rocks of the famous rose-veined Rajputana marble. By rare good fortune we were guests of the Maharana of Udaipur at one of his shooting camps at lake Jaysamund, and more good fortune brought an invitation from the Rao of Salumbar to visit the old city only ten miles distant. The prime minister accompanied us with an escort consisting of camel sowars and horsemen mounted on Kathiawar Arabs, beautiful creatures, with sensitive ears that "toe in" and are always fluttering like a bird's wing. And here one must mention that the Rao of Salumbar is related to the house of Udaipur, and is one of the first chiefs of Mewar, of exceedingly noble blood, his direct ancestor

visit, rose to receive him. "My noble sire is he who now awaits his bride," said Chanda, and was gone. Again he bowed before his father's feet. "My lord, the embassy awaits your highness' pleasure, they pray acceptance at your hands of the fairest princess Hamsabai."

"Enough, my son, this jest must now be ended." And, in truth, it ended by the king wedding the royal maiden, and later serious complications might have arisen upon the birth of a son had not the loyal Chanda renounced all claim to the ancestral throne in favor of the infant heir. To recompense him for his sacrifice the aged Maharana and his nobles decreed that the first place of honor in the state should always be reserved for Chanda, and to this day on all the state documents appears Chanda's symbol "the sign of the twisted spear."

At Salumbar the luster of princely courtesy and hospitality has never been dimmed by contact with the outer world, and the only other European woman who has ever been there is Mrs. Kay, wife of the British resident at Udaipur. The palace is one of those indefinable eastern marvels, in that it has been added to by each successive ruler for centuries. Pile upon pile of covered-in balconies, minarets and towers, apparently without relation to one another, with the amazing result of a harmonious whole, there is also the charm of the unexpected. It is sheltered at the back by low mountains, upon the summit of which are the remains of ancient fortifications, and the broad extent of its front overlooks an immense tank, or rather, a small lake, its entire surface covered with pink lotus lilies, a nice, sheltered spot for generations of crocodiles, which nobody seems to mind in the least. The massive bastioned walls surrounding the city are unusual, and of great thickness, being built of small flat

National Capital as Randolph Bartlett Sees It

WASHINGTON—long, interminable blocks of red brick flats; negroes, shiftless and shabby, or overdressed and arrogant; ramshackle shops lining Pennsylvania avenue with its recollections of inaugural pageants, almost to the doors of the Capitol itself; more negroes; shoddy looking stores; vehicles of every description from the rickety hack of last century to the smart Victoria, popular in official and diplomatic circles; hotels, garish and over-decorated, when they are not ancient and moth-eaten; more negroes; millions of dollars' worth of splendid government buildings scattered all over the city instead of arranged in one imposing group; streets silent and forsaken at ten o'clock in the evening, even Saturday night; pathetic patches of grass serving as front yards, usually surrounded with hideous iron fences; more negroes. And then, the other side—fine trees, dignified with maturity, bordering all the streets; unexpected bits of park, or "circles," with magnificent statues of the nation's heroes; imposing public buildings with all the massiveness that should typify the homes of the nation's business; a general air of permanence; fine mansions of the high officials and diplomats, crowded to suffocation like the humbler houses, but in settings of well-kept gardens; the White House itself, chaste and modest, but with its inevitable thrill for him who realizes its significance; and, dominating the whole, from whatever viewpoint, Washington monument itself, tremendously simple and simply tremendous.

In short, wherever the nation speaks in its capital, there is strength, impressiveness; where the individual is heard, conservatism to a degree of backwardness. Take those unspeakable, red flats for example. There are countless blocks where the houses are built solidly together, and every one of them red brick. Substantial? yes, but ignoring the first principle of home—that it should be attractive. You are willing to wager that the parlor (it is too far east for "living rooms") is papered with blood red roses and paris green leaves; that the carpet is nailed down and fits exactly along every wall, and into every corner; that they have hair-cloth sofas and a what-not; that the wax floral wreath and silver name-plate from grandfather's coffin are in a deep frame under glass, and that the only books in the room are a huge family Bible and a photograph album with padded red plush covers. These are all good things in their way, of course, but the feeling that they are there brings likewise the feeling that Washington, as a city, is whole decades behind the remainder of the country. I have no criticism to offer of those persons who like to keep the pictures of their friends and memories of bereavements on display, and only admiration for the magnificent strength of character of men and women who do not go insane from living with blood red and paris green wall paper. But America, as a whole, has abandoned these things, and, in years to come, Washington will abandon them too, but, meanwhile, Washington is indescribably slow about it.

Perhaps, it may seem a reflection upon my intelligence to receive such impressions as these in my first visit to the city which should represent so much to all truly patriotic Americans, but, somehow, I do not seem to be able to take a deep interest in the sort of sightseeing that is pursued by the usual tourist. I do not care to go about gorging myself upon scenery, buildings, paintings and curiosities. I hardly care for what purpose a building is used, so long as its lines are pleasing. It may be a grain warehouse, but if its well-proportioned pillars, its strength, its environment, bring me the feeling of force that should go with an institution of learning, what is the use of going deeper? For example, passing through Mansfield, Ohio, I saw, on a high bluff, a mile or so from the railway, a building, or group of buildings that suggested a great European university, with traditions of scholarship going back for centuries. It was a delight to look at the slightly pile and revel in this impression. For once, the spirit of curiosity overcame me, and I asked what buildings they were, discovering thereby that my hoary university was a state reform school—and the picture was ruined.

So I do not go in extensively for the pursuit of points of interest, and when I do I am not loaded to the guards with questions. What I do enjoy is just strolling around among people, so there is not enough of a crowd to jostle. I like to peek into stores and ask the prices of things I do not want and hope they do not keep, just for the sake of a little conversation with a stranger. I like to take long walks out among the homes—not those of the wealthy, because,

these are much the same everywhere. The man of wealth travels. He sees, in New Orleans or Los Angeles, a home he admires, and he reproduces the idea in Boston. So you cannot tell much about a city from its costly residences, but you can from those of the middle class. The latter can dictate the type of their home only within definitely limited lines. They are of the mob and even when they are able to build for themselves, are influenced largely, albeit unconsciously, by the general mind of the majority touching such matters. And if they rent, they can, of course, refuse to take a place that actually repels them, but where custom decrees rows of red brick flats it is hard for them to escape, but easy and natural for their eyes to grow so accustomed to the hideous sight that they will regard a person who makes such remarks as these as a mere crank.

But whether I admire or dislike the prospect, I am fond of taking long walks in strange cities along streets where everything points to the fact that these are the homes of average citizens. I like to see what sort of flowers, if any, they have planted, and whether or not the plants are happy and well cared for, or left to shift for themselves. I like to see whether or not people have made any allowance for the child's inalienable right to a yard of his own, in which to play, undisturbed and alone if he chooses, or with only such companions as he wants to invite—a right, by the way, extensively ignored, and difficult of enforcement in these days of flats and apartment houses. I like to watch the housewives as they go in and out in mid-morning, and notice whether they still wear breakfast caps in frank confession of untidiness and an open declaration that they do not care about their own appearance, except for the times when callers may drop in or the husband return, for many a domestic tragedy has had its inception in the slipshod state of mind that the breakfast cap betrays—be it ever so neat and exquisitely lacey. In brief, I enjoy trying to learn for myself from such suggestions as these, whether to the common people, life is simply a succession of days of routine, or whether they devote a considerable amount of thought to the art of living, as distinguished from the business of existence.

Of course, this viewpoint is an entirely unfair one, from which to judge Washington, for the visitor must remember that, unique among all cities of importance in the world, Washington does not exist either for, or because of its residents. The city came first, the people who live here are merely incidental. Washington has no reason, not even an excuse, for being, aside from the fact that here the nation transacts its business. It is not needed for commerce, for industry, for amusement. It is set apart simply for governmental purposes. With this established, if people want to live here, and can find a means of livelihood, it is their privilege, but they are no more a part of the real city than the odor of gasoline is part of an automobile. So the traveler who would get a conception of what Washington really means, should sedulously avoid my freakish and entirely superficial method. He should consider, rather, such matters as how the White House is situated significantly with the treasury department to the right, and the war department to the left—how the White House stands guard over the national wealth, against the menace of armed force; and yet with the nation's force (such as it is) at the right hand, ready to be used, and the sinews of war stored in the vaults at the left when need arises. He should note that this is a serious-minded city, despite its appearance of social activity, and given less to frivolity than any other community of its dimensions in this pleasure-loving country. He will notice that there are practically no moving picture theaters here, and draw conclusions varying according to his standard of enlightenment upon that subject.

Various antagonistic newspapers have been shedding crocodile tears of late, over Secretary of State Bryan, reporting that the strain of the Mexican and European situations has been causing him to age rapidly, that he is haggard, that his face is drawn and tense. Lies, lies, all lies! As I walked past the treasury department he drove up in a Victoria, said something to the driver with a little laugh, stepped out even before the carriage had stopped, and walked (or almost ran) briskly up the steps. I had not seen him in nearly nine years, when he was the guest of the old press club in the quarters opposite the police station the night that Mayor McAleer, not quite himself, accused all newspaper men of being accomplices in the theft of his umbrella, and was later requested

in writing never again to appear within the club precincts. I suppose I must have changed more than Mr. Bryan, for he did not appear to recognize me, but he looks hardly different than he did then—just the natural aging that comes to men who lead his sort of strenuous but healthy life. And as he went in, Secretary McAdoo (just that morning a father again) drove past. He, too, has been all but interred by the newspapers, so I was rather surprised to notice that he looked every whit as well as he did when he visited Los Angeles.

As a further proof of the backwardness of Washington, I would cite the jitney bus. This form of wildcat transportation reached the capital Friday, May 21, after it had infested the Pacific Coast for more than six months, and had become, more recently, a recognized fact in every other city. However, Friday, May 21, two nickel automobile ride concerns started business, and Washington is still trying to make up its mind whether to place them in the category with taxicabs, and so patronize them discreetly, or regard them as beneath its dignity, and so avoid them as a plague. At this writing the busses are being stared at and are hardly paying for gasoline. I took a trip in one so as to get a quick run through the city for a first glimpse, and from the way the people gazed I felt fortunate to get back down town without being mobbed. My only fellow passenger was a big, good-natured looking man, of obvious German birth, with a big bundle of Berlin newspapers in his hands, and, from his point of departure from the jitney, probably an attache of the embassy. He seemed to be saying to himself, behind his broad grin: "Well, it doesn't make much difference anyhow—my standing is not susceptible to injury."

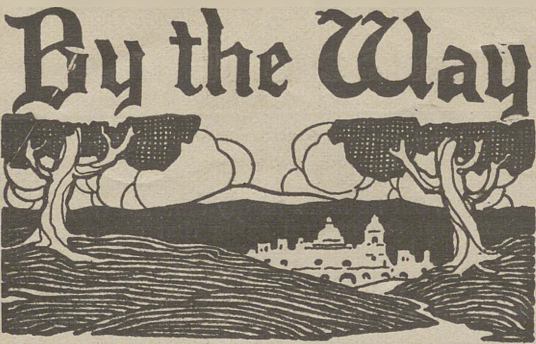
There is another factor militating against the success of the jitney bus here, however, of more practical weight than dignity. Washington is a true southern city and 100,000 of its 300,000 people are negroes. The white population is compelled to swallow its ingrown racial antipathy so far as street cars and other public places are concerned, but hesitates to risk the close contact and public display of a ride in an automobile which may be forced to accept a negro passenger. For this simple but potent reason the jitney never can be a success in Washington, for here the freedom of the negro is traditional. "If I were a negro and could come to Washington I would do so," said an old resident to me today. There are separate schools for the colored children, equal in every respect to those provided for the whites; but the feeling of the city toward its dusky residents is shown in the fact that the chief reason no move ever has been made for self-government is that it is realized that this would give the negroes the balance of power.

I wonder if Mr. Woodrow Wilson knows there are ripe wild strawberries growing along the side of his lawn where it dips down to the street opposite the war-office building. I saw plenty for a good-sized breakfast dish, and resisted manfully the impulse to reach through the iron fence and pick a few, though they were the first I had seen in years, and in color and size were worthy of their distinguished environment. My self-restraint was due partly to the fact that I did not want to deprive the President of the luxury (though I fear the berries were born to blush unseen) but more largely to the fear that such action might cause a zealous secret service man—of whom I doubted not there were dozens concealed in the trees though I could see none—to suspect me of being a German spy or a Mexican revolutionist, and I avoided all possibilities of international entanglement by shoving my hands deep in my pockets and hurrying past temptation disguised as Presidential wild strawberries. *Avant Sathanas!*

President Wilson celebrated the birth of his McAdoo grandchild by going out to Chevy Chase with Dr. Grayson and playing one of the best games of golf he has done in weeks. He, also, has been reported by otherwise newsless Washington correspondents, as weakening physically under the terrific and incessant strain of his administration. A golfer tells me that the President is one of the most vigorous men in the capital, and, since his time for exercise is necessarily limited and must go on schedule, he is given right of way on the links, and strides along, passing the ordinary players like a limited train rushing past a freight that has been sidetracked. Apparently, whenever anyone coughs at a cabinet meeting the correspondents dig a grave.

Washington, D. C., June 1, 1915.

R. B.



At Squirrel Inn

Let me whisper it: The Sunset Club has gone into the "movies." Bank presidents, judges, lawyers, men of large affairs in business, artists, railroad officials, architects, and editors might have been seen working out a scenario on the heights above Arrowhead last Saturday-to-Monday, picturing that stirring drama, "The Pursuit of George Daly, Desperado," whose thrilling adventures, recited by Captain H. Z. Osborne and arranged for the silent drama by Louis Vetter, was "acted out" in all its details before the "continuous" camera, operated by Frank Cass, under the able direction of Allen Watt, of the Universal Film Company, by courtesy of H. T. Caulfield, manager of the company. George Daly was run to his lair by the entire membership of the club. Sheriff Frank Wiggins headed the posse and his heated argument with Col. Holabird—Uncle Bill—who was mustering in recruits for the war with Germany, was a spectacular incident which ended in the sheriff's triumph. But the real comedy was furnished by Col. Holabird and Captain Osborne in their rehearsal at the recruiting station. Nothing funnier than the serious attempts of these two Sunsetters to follow Director Watt's instructions was ever filmed—but the camera, unfortunately, was not taking in this unconscious bit of comedy. The tragic end of Daly was not divulged until the posse reached the bear's cave—with Homer Earle, in glasses, playing the bear. The sheriff gingerly entered the cave, but came out hopping when the bear growled and reached for Frank. Then the bold Wiggins drew his trusty six-shooter and fired point-blank at bruin who toppled over dead. Re-entering the cave to get Daly, the sheriff presently emerged with a few bones and a skull—all that was left of the bandit. The last scene was the burial of Daly's bones, a realistic picture with Sunsetters Eisen and Ellis as chief mourners and ten pallbearers following the remains. These graphic pictures will be run off at the Hoffman cafe the last Friday in June when the club will hold its twentieth anniversary reunion—in the same room that saw the first meeting of the Sunsetters in 1895.

Recent Trial Burlesqued

Squirrel Inn is an ideal spot for a summer outing. Messrs. Vetter and Alles had charge of the itinerary and even President Bulla was kept in ignorance of the program, which was voted the best the club had ever enjoyed. Saturday night, with Gene Fishburn's "Good Fellowship" cottage as a courtroom, the real trial of Chief Sebastian was staged and a cleverer impromptu performance I have seldom seen. Judge J. W. McKinley presided, convulsing his auditors with his rulings and witty remarks. Herbert Goudge was the able and eloquent district attorney and Joe Scott was chief counsel for the defendant, Robert A. Bulla, assisting. Their cross-examination of witnesses was a continuous scream. Will Woolwine and Captain Osborne as sleuth witnesses kept the court room in roars of laughter, which Bailiff Burnham in vain tried to suppress. The star witness was J. O. Koepfli whose titling testimony drew ribald tears from the rude gallery. The witty John Byrne was another distinguished witness. The jury box was filled by Sunsetters Alles, Poindexter, Jevne, Col. Holabird, Cass, and Washburn whose sealed verdict—after listening to the impassioned address of Counsel Scott and the logical arguments of Prosecutor Goudge—is to be opened and read at the June meeting of the club. I saw John Francis shaking with laughter over the fervent appeals from Judge McKinley's rulings. Altogether, it was a most amusing mock trial, cleverly conceived and as cleverly carried out.

Louis Vetter's Sign Stunts

Greeting the Sunsetters as they arrived at the apex of the mountain were a number of flaring placards, the effervescences of Louis Vetter, who is particularly happy in such stunts. Thus the cottage assigned to Sunsetters Burnham, Koepfli and Washburn, active participants in the recent school board campaign, was labelled "The Hague;

Headquarters B. of E." On the trunk of a tall pine, in bold red letters was the announcement: "Lost! Key to Room 17." A modest cottage bore the legend, "Arizona Lodging House." A sign overlooking the main trail read "Frank Wiggins C. of C. Brewery." One startling statement was "Peace Commissioners' Headquarters. N. B., Gone to the Front." At the entrance to Squirrel Inn was a placard reading "Sunset Club Cafeteria," and twenty feet away a real estate sign advertised "Flint Ridge; Lots for Sale." Perhaps, the most attractive announcement was that of the "Boozeria" appended to Good Fellowship Cottage, administration headquarters, while the cleverest was an illustrated "Painted Desert, by Byrne." They created endless witty comments.

Burnham's Fall from Grace

John Eugene Fishburn, Frank P. Flint, Herbert Goudge, Judge McKinley and R. W. Burnham were the indefatigable fishermen of the party, their several excursions to Little Bear lake resulting in a big catch of famous salmon trout that furnished two luscious messes for the table, deliciously served by Al Levy and his staff who catered for the club. I include Major Burnham as among the fishermen, but, alas, he did not land a single trout. Frank Flint assures me that the major whipped the lake with great artistic effect yet without success. Chagrined by his failure, the sportsman then abandoned his lofty principles and actually permitted himself to bait with salmon egg, but with similar results. No wonder the chagrined fisherman declined to partake of the catch when Al Levy passed the platter, but, instead, solaced his inner man with plebeian ham and eggs. Gene Fishburn tells me that he originally stocked the lake with rainbow trout, steelhead and salmon trout and now only the latter are to be caught which satisfies him that the salmon type has finally destroyed all the other hatcheries and only its kind survives. But it is as tender as a year-old baby—boiled—such as we used to enjoy in East Fiji—and cooked by Al Levy is a dish for an epicure. Even that fastidious eater Godfrey Holterhoff—master pitcher of coins—was in ecstasies over the fish and took home a basketful.

Owners of the Summit

Bond Francisco has an attractive cottage adjoining Squirrel Inn. Adjoining his resort is Bob Marsh's place, while near by is going up Will Valentine's ornate retreat. W. H. Burnham—not the Sunsetter—has a charming mountain home which he graciously turned over to the club. Perhaps, the most pretentious building is that owned by Mrs. Fred Wood, whose husband, many years deceased, was a charter member of the Sunset Club. Before leaving Monday morning the members filed down the hill to the Wood cottage and paid their respects to its cultured owner who is at home there for the summer. Squirrel Inn Association owns about 160 acres of land on the summit and has a membership of thirty, many of whom have built cosy cottages contiguous to the Inn. I believe a membership is worth \$500. It is a close corporation of which former State Treasurer Roberts of San Bernardino is president. Lucky dogs!

Baron Pokeroff's Monument

I am not easily gulled but when those two past masters of the art of "joshing," Judge McKinley and John Byrne, pointed out what appeared to be a half-finished castle in the hazy distance southwest of Azusa and assured me it was the abandoned project of Baron Pokeroff of Petrograd to establish a home in Southern California. I meekly "bit" and begged for more details. They gave them—cheerfully and graciously. I must admit. The Baron, it seems, died when the structure was only half finished and his widow returning to Russia, declined to complete the pile. "There it stands," added John, "a sort of monument to the deceased, whose bones are now dust in alien soil." Here John almost went and Judge McKinley turned his face to hide the sympathetic tear. Their dual recital was passed along to the Sunsetters gathered at Squirrel Inn and each of my kind friends sought to add a few details that Messrs. McKinley and Byrne had overlooked. On the way home, I found that the "castle" was a rock-crusher; but, alas, I am fated to meet "Baron Pokeroff" at every recurring session of the Sunset Club, I fear.

Visiting Lambs Revel in Los Angeles

Sunsetter J. Bond Francisco Tuesday gamboled into an impromptu affair arranged by his clever brother-in-law, Louis Gottschalk, to fame renowned as the melody-maker of the famous "Tik Tok Man," for visiting and resident "Lambs." Lambs woolly, tender and—ah—otherwise were present. In the reception room adjoining Bond's

spacious studio on Albany street was stationed a fluffy, but docile lamb, which tinkled its bell as each guest arrived. Inside the studio a band—or was it a flock?—of the same gentle pets browsed. Bits from "The Mikado" interspersed the frivolities and Sullivan's melodic tones never were heard to better advantage, for many of the stars present had made their stellar hits in that picturesque opera. Of course, there were other stunts, for everybody did a turn and the revel lasted until the milkman made his rounds. Prominent among the guests were Raymond Hitchcock, Julian Eltinge, Hobart Bosworth, Oliver Morosco, William Desmond, William de Mille, Cecil de Mille, Lew Dockstader, Jesse Lasky, Charlotte Walker, Fanny Ward, Mesdames William and Cecil de Mille, Rita Johnson and others. It was an occasion long to be remembered as it was the first of the kind in which lady lambs participated, I believe.

India Through the Maddock Eyes

In this issue of The Graphic will be found a most entertaining article by Mrs. Eleanor Maddock of Hollywood on an oversea journey to old Salumbar, an ancient city of India. Dr. and Mrs. Maddock have recently returned from a nine months' outing in India, by no means their first visit there. For many years prior to settling in this region Dr. Maddock was a government physician in the hill country and in that capacity formed many valuable friendships among the ruling princes of India. He is as accomplished a conversationalist as his wife is a writer and their picturesque home out in the foothills near Calhenga pass is filled with evidences of their sojourn in the Rajputana region of far-off India. Mrs. Maddock has before contributed special articles on India and what she has to say is authoritative.

Advertised by Its Loving Friends

In front of the Pacific Electric building Wednesday afternoon half a dozen raucous-voiced youths were shouting in unison, "The Herald is a fakir!" "The Herald is a fakir!" This advertisement of the aggressive evening rival of the Express was given gratuitously by youths hired by the circulation department of Mr. Earl's pious post-meridian sheet. It seems that the day before the Herald had been misled in its dispatches into printing a misstatement concerning the sinking of a war vessel and the Express in its endeavor to correct the tendency took this means of informing the public. It is a silly procedure and only serves to accent the acute proclivities of Guy Barham's sprightly sheet. One of my old newsboys told me confidentially that he sold six thousand Heralds that day.

Jack Campbell Is Warned

This reminds me that Jack Campbell, city editor of the Herald has been hobnobbing with the president and directors of the San Diego Exposition recently. According to the San Diego Union he motored down in a high powered automobile, accompanied by his family, which isn't small, his secretary and his valet. He gave the newspaper offices the "once over," just before press time, and then went to bed, promising to visit the Exposition in the morning. At 10 a. m., the marines were out ready to escort him across the bridge and President Davidson and Director General Davis went to the Exposition grounds an hour earlier than usual to greet him, but Campbell failed to appear. The next heard of him, he was back in Los Angeles "getting out" the Herald. From the same veracious source I learn that a long distance phone message informed the San Diegans that Jack would return to them in a few days to receive the deferred honors, but the Union assures its readers that the newspaper fraternity and the police force are willing to go on record that they will land him if he attempts to stage any "Mysterious Mr. Raffles" stuff. Trains will be covered by J. Keno Wilson's sleuths and the Automobile Club of Southern California will co-operate on the highways. Mr. Jack Campbell must watch out this time, is the warning.

Col. Garland's Brobdignagian Sign

One of the most striking signs ever seen in Los Angeles is that erected at Seventh and Hill streets, sixty feet long and fifty high, announcing "Los Angeles, 1920, 1,000,000 Population." Needless to say the inspirer of this startling yet truthful slogan is Col. W. M. Garland, whose population prognostications in the past, once thought extravagant, have been well within the officially proved figures. I hope the publisher of the Tribune and Express, who sought to appropriate the Garland 1920-million shibboleth, is able to feast his eyes on the Seventh and Hill signpostum gigantea when not engaged in further demolition of the payrolls of his sad subordinates.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

ONE remark Alfred Hertz made to his "Fairyland" orchestra recently illustrated his attitude toward the gymnastic school of conductors. He rapped on his desk for silence, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it is not necessary for me to do this (waving his hands in the air) or this (rubbing them over his hairless scalp) to indicate an idea to you; all I shall do is this (beckoning with one finger and this (bending a wrist). That is enough. There is no need of telling our business to the public by these big gestures. Let us remember." And the orchestra will play all the better for the smaller but more impressive movement of arm, hand and finger. Doctor Muck, in conducting the Boston orchestra, so my friend Colby tells me, uses an infinitesimal amount of muscular expenditure, but with that little achieves the greatest results. Truly, this quietude does not so much impress the public, which in its less musical members prefers gymnastics as an aid to its musical digestion. The proof of this is seen in the vogue of the Creator school of conductors.

It is going the rounds that Alfred Hertz will conduct a new German opera company in New York next season, after he returns to the metropolis from his Los Angeles vacation. But when one sees Hertz at work, one doesn't associate him with the word "vacation." The other day I dropped into Blanchard hall where an orchestral rehearsal of the "Fairyland" score was in progress. There was the big Mr. Hertz, celebrated Wagnerian conductor, seated on a table, coat and vest off, working away with his baton just like an ordinary conductor might.

Speaking of Alfred Hertz—I didn't start to write a Hertz column, but Hertz is the biggest thing in sight now, musically—this is what one of the editors of Musical America wrote last week: Alfred Hertz is happy! You know, he is now in Los Angeles, rehearsing Horatio Parker's opera, "Fairyland," which is to be given there before long. This is the opera which secured the prize awarded by the Federation of Women's Musical Clubs. I hear that he and his charming wife are settled in a beautiful bungalow with a garden, and they have their own garage. Their only trouble seems to have been, to judge from the letters that have come to New York, that the weather is not what they could wish. However, the hard labor of rehearsals, which have already begun, is lightened by the fragrance of orange blossoms and flowers, and, as Hertz has bought a new eight-cylinder car and can go about and breathe more fresh air than he got in his many seasons in New York, his spirits are rising. There is another reason for his gaiety—namely, that from the moment of his arrival he has received one continuous ovation. At his first appearance with the orchestra he was cheered. Then he got a big dinner at the Gamut Club, where they gave him such a reception, interspersed with eulogistic speeches, that it would have turned his head, except that it is well placed on his shoulders. Hertz is beginning to find out what it means to have a national as well as local reputation. He is also beginning to find out what it means to have had his work chronicled, from time to time, not merely in

the New York papers, but in the press that reaches music-lovers all over the country, which the New York papers do not.

Los Angeles is doing something for music. The other day it gave \$1000 toward the prize of \$10,000 to be paid Messrs. Parker and Hooker for their prize opera, "Fairyland." That is a good start. It temporarily has a municipal band, too, which the city council does not pay for. Now, let us see, in the way of encouragement, what another city does for its music: Portland, Maine, gives twenty municipal band concerts, at 25 cents admission, with soloists of international fame; also orchestral and chorus concerts; free concerts by the municipal organist; special performances at Christmas and Lent and five popular concerts for young people; concerts by the Portland Men's Singing Club. And Portland is a little eastern city, with a population not nearly so large as Los Angeles has. And it is to be remembered that all the above program for next year in Portland is municipal—city—music, not by individual societies or supported by private subscriptions. That shows what Portland has realized from her former seasons of music. It is evidence that the city has found music a good investment. Such a record should be put before every councilman of Los Angeles every few months, until it reaches his inner consciousness.

Camille Saint Saens told a New York reporter that he was looking forward with many pleasant anticipations to his visit to California, especially to Los Angeles as he had so many pictures sent him by friends from here showing the luxuriant flowers and fruit. He didn't know how long he would stay in California, but he did know that he was going to deliver a lecture in San Francisco. That looks as if Los Angeles is not to be similarly favored.

Mrs. Fletcher Copp, well known as the originator of a system of teaching music to children, will hold a normal school for teachers according to her plan, in Los Angeles, opening June 1. Another eastern musician who will hold a summer school here is A. Ray Carpenter, of Chicago, the assistant to Fred Root.

San Diego has been having an attack of the Ninth symphony. In fact, it had it as bad as Los Angeles as it was given twice. And here is what the program book says: "The symphony was given last Monday in Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, with 300 persons participating. San Diego's production, with spectacularly increased numbers and with innovation of child participants will eclipse that premiere." "Premiere" notice you. The program further says, or rather admits, "It was a bold thought to enlist the children of the public schools in this work," the Ninth symphony. I am inclined to think the musical world will join with the author of the program notes in admitting the boldness. I really wish I could have heard the performance, though a San Diego correspondent advises me otherwise. If our experienced orchestra had its hands full with the symphony, what could San Diego do with it?

Mrs. Monimia Laux Botsford won

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the prize offered by the Matinee Musical Club with her song to the words of Tagore, "Clouds Heap Upon Clouds." At the meeting of the club last week the song was sung by Mrs. Mona Botsford Wheeler, with the composer at the piano. The prize was a medal, with a poetical—of course, poetical—speech of presentation by Carl Bronson. The program of the evening also included several pieces by Fannie Dillon played by herself, and violin pieces by Victor Schertzinger, played by him. James W. Pierce, secretary of the local Music Teachers' Association, ran a close second for the prize, with a song, the words by Eugene Field. Also, Edward Lebegott appeared as composer, three of his songs being sung by Mrs. Edith M. Dooley.

Now that Alfred Hertz has gone east to conduct a few Wagnerian performances, Louis Gottschalk is doing the autocratic baton-waving over the "Fairyland" rehearsals. Mr. Gottschalk is no amateur at this game, though his larger hirsute equipment proclaims he doesn't know so much about Wagner as does Hertz. But Louie isn't taking lessons from anyone as to stage management.

This evening, Thilo Becker will present one of his advanced pupils, Raymond Schouten, in recital at the Gamut club. Mr. Schouten is beginning to make a record for himself as a pianist. His program includes a number of the rather larger works of Bach-Busoni, Mendelssohn, Chopin, MacDowell and Liszt. Esther Sharp, who for a young woman, has rather a wide experience in German song, will assist in the program.

Annual Commencement concert of the College of Music, University of Southern California, will be held Tuesday evening, June 8, in the First Methodist Church. The program will be given mainly by members of the graduating class, which is the largest in the history of the school. An attractive program representing the work of all departments is promised and the public is invited. The commencement exercises of the College of Music will be held at Shrine Auditorium, Thursday morning, June 10, at ten o'clock, in connection with the other departments of the University. The following will receive diplomas in piano and theory: Violet Cossack, Wesley Kuhnle, Catherine Lennox, Lucy B. Seator, Jane Stanley, Margaret E. White. In piano, organ and theory, Guelph McQuinn. In voice, Blanche H. Fowler. A six weeks' summer session will be held from

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June 28 to August 7. A special feature of this session will be a course in public school music under Frances Wright, of the state normal.

Molly Byerly Wilson, dramatic contralto, is home again, after a successful concert trip through the middle west, including dates in half a dozen states. She stayed two weeks in Chicago, meeting many prominent musicians there, and making several professional appearances. Miss Wilson mentions a number of Chicago's well known musical people who are coming to the coast this summer, and who will visit Los Angeles, among them the prominent contralto, Rose Latiger Gannon, who is to sing at both expositions.

Motion Picture for "1915 on Parade"

Scintillant verses have been submitted in the "1915 on Parade" contest of the local Knights of Columbus announced in these columns last week. The committee in charge requests that verses be mailed to the Show Committee at 612 Flower street. The making of the motion picture, which is to be a "take off" on many of the local men, required the aid of six automobiles for transportation to the points pictured. The dancing numbers of the "parade" are progressing favorably and the individual costumes to be worn will be something of a surprise.



Cheaters

GOOD fun at the Mason this week with pretty little Mizzi Hajos scolding and capering about! The lines make her a good deal of a shrew though nature surely intended her to coo. Most of the comedy in "Sari" is supplied by this contradiction; indeed, to see this pretty, dainty sprite scolding, pouting and even wielding a stick—to the consternation of all mankind—is absurdly funny without the humor of the lines. She has such a fierce little countenance when she frowns, and how a smile sweeps it clear of everything but beauty!

"Sari" is the usual two-act musical comedy, set wherever the costumes may be picturesque—this time in Hungary, among the gypsies. There is a sufficient number of titled persons, a chorus—mixed, and most remarkably gowned and trousered. Pali Racz, the gypsy leader, has been a great violinist in his day. Sari, his daughter is nursing him through an attack of gout by bullying him well and denying him most of the things he wants. Gaston, Count Irini, arrives from Paris, to persuade him to come back and play for him at a fete he is planning to give. This enables the second act to take place in Paris—the one indispensable requirement of comic opera.

It is not original plot or lines that make "Sari" rank high as entertainment, but the fact that the six principals are all artists and give a finish and verve to everything they do. J. K. Murray (Pali Racz) has a rich, full, baritone voice of great beauty. The tenor, Laczi, son of Pali Racz (H. W. Marsh), also sings in splendid form, not the shrill falsetto of too many musical comedy stars, but a good, honest tenor robusto, which in his duets with Gretchen Hood, the second most important woman of the cast, rings out in clear harmony that is fetching to hear.

Mizzi Hajos is not given enough singing opportunities. Her voice soars like a bird-song over the hubbub of chorus and orchestra, but her two solos seem trifling and inadequate. Her dancing is doubtless considered her star quality, and it is of rare grace. She is one sweeping rhythm from head to heel, light as a bubble, and all one! It has the effect of making the other dancers seem in sections that do not always work together. Whether this is birthright or training is not plain to see, but the results are not to be questioned, for charm. The Hungarian ballet costume with the headdress, is a most remarkable invention, but gives her one moment of looking like a queen on a peacock throne.

The chorus in Paris seems to come into its own; every man in the front rows must have been satisfied. Mizzi's exclamation regarding one young person, "What a long neck she has!" referred to the expanse of pink nature with not much to drape it in front, and "rather less than 'arf' of that be 'ind." The music is tuneful, and lively with one really charming and original bit, the "Hazazaa." "Love's Own Sweet Song" and "My Faithful Stradivari" are the song hits. Mention must be made of the entre act by Mano Zervellys who plays on the cymbal, a Hungarian instrument of quaint beauty. It has strings, but is played like a xylophone, with padded mallets. A good audience gave an

enthusiastic greeting to this very finished and charming performance Monday evening. M. H. C.

Marjorie Rambeau at the Burbank

Israel Zangwill has contributed six dramatic efforts to stage literature. Three are well-known plays. His "Children of the Ghetto" and "The Melting Pot" analyzed racial problems, and the third is "Merely Mary Ann," a clean and wholesome comedy, but a little weak in construction. In the title role in the latter play Marjorie Rambeau returned to the Burbank last Sunday afternoon and gave a most finished performance. What makes her so popular is her absolute sincerity and thorough fitness for the part. Eleanor Robson made one of her greatest successes as "Merely Mary Ann," but failed to bring the naivete of youth to her presentation of the character. Miss Rambeau has gathered force and subtlety in her comprehension of Mary since she portrayed her at the Majestic theater several seasons ago.

For the locality of his theme Zangwill selected the east end of London. There he placed Lancelot, the younger son of a baronet, in disfavor because of a desire to become the composer of classical melodies. In the lodging house is Mary Ann, maid-of-all-work, a country lass with the "heimway" for the fields in her heart. "Blind fate," as Lancelot calls it, establishes an understanding between the two. Mary can dispel the blackest devils of despair—she gives him his pen, and tells him of "the rippling stream, the cows and her old elm," and then leaves him to do "it." Being ideally "up in the clouds," he cannot write down to "Rosie," as his publisher would have him do, and things are not at their best. Persuaded by his friend, who "sells tea by day and composes tunes by night," he consents to prepare a melody for "Adieu and Good Bye." With the advance proceeds he decides to leave. Mary is to join him at a cottage, but the arrival of the vicar and Mary's half million pounds change their plan. The leave-taking of the two in the third act is one of the finest bits of acting seen on the Burbank in months.

Forrest Stanley, who did not appear to feel at home in the first two acts, fell into the spirit of this scene and played it with fine feeling. At other times he was too strenuous in his displays of temperament. Louis Bennison's "Peter," which was unconvincing in the first act, was much better in the second and in the end was most acceptable. James K. Applebec's Vicar was a trifle overbearing; Walter Catlett was a first rate Lord Tottingham. The Mrs. Leadbatter of Lillian Elliott might be a little more forceful and Ida St. Leon's Rosie a trifle less florid. True, Rosie is supposed to be a goose, but why exaggerate her weaknesses? Marion McDonald was a stunning Countess of Foxwell and Grace Travers looked beautiful in a gown of blue, but had little to do as Lady Glynn. Laura Love as Lady Chelmer, was not quite up to the role; Winifred Bryson played and looked the part of Lady Gladys Foxwell, but spoke her lines indistinctly. The settings provided are well selected, especially that of the last act which is unusually well

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appointed. No detail is overlooked in the other acts even to the moth-eaten rubber piano cover.

All-Star Bill at Orpheum

With few exceptions, the program at the Orpheum this week is an all-star bill. Lew Dockstader, world-renowned for his "black impersonations," is accorded first place with his unique and original "taking off" of "Teddy." In persiflage, laconic and otherwise, he flays the "ego" of our ex-President, and is, even to the exaggeration of the "make-up" teeth, which showed to advantage when he uttered "delighted" in response to earnest applause, the Colonel's double. The Ananias Club, The War, Politics, the Ford, Bryan, Race Suicide and a possible third term are duly exploited and given "My Policies." If you ever were a Progressive, or still remain such, it will joy your soul to see this clever mimicry. Next in line of excellency is the hold-over number of Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler "Married." Porter Emerson Browne has not written a more illog-

ical bit, nor has he ever written to a better advantage. Emma Carus, fresh from eastern honors, has snap and go. Her songs are cleverly rendered and her costuming attractive. Richard H. Thornton might take note of the quips Bert Leslie, the king of slang, makes at the expense of the American language, and get in a few "new ones" edgewise. Leslie's "Hogan in London" lacks flavor of the better class and is monotonous at times. George Damerel in "Ordered Home" is admirably assisted by Myrtle Vail, who is most supple in her terpsichorean movements. But the playlet has little to commend in either libretto or music. Ideal, the champion lady fancy swimmer and diver in pictures and reality, gives exhibitions of her prowess under water where she performs several novel strokes. Walter Shannon and Marie Annis have fine voices, but a poor medium for conveying their talent. Bryn and Cheerbert's Mancherians are clever gymnasts who do trying stunts, such as hanging by their queues, with little effort. The motion pictures of

the Hawaiian crater are especially entertaining as seen under the evening light.

John Drew at Mason Opera House

John Drew, who appears in "Rosemary," for the first time since it was originally produced by him in New York city at the Empire theater, nineteen years ago, comes to the Mason Opera House Monday, June 7. "Rosemary" was written by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. Quaint comedy of the Victorian era permeates the story in three acts and an epilogue. Mr. Drew has never been seen to better advantage than as the English country squire, Sir Jasper Thorndyke. He has walked three miles in the rain to buy number three of "Nicholas Nickleby" and returns to discover a young couple sitting hopelessly in the wet. With true English hospitality he invites them to put up at his house. A little later he extends the same courtesy to the young woman's father and mother, who have met with an accident while searching for their daughter. Sir Jasper falls desperately in love but as the maid is not for him he stifles his affection, and induces her hard-hearted parent to approve of her choice. Sir Jasper drives the happily reunited family to London that the young people may be married and witness the coronation of the late Queen Victoria. There is a lover's quarrel. The young man is jealous of Sir Jasper's chivalrous attentions, but he again proves a friend and Dorothy goes out of his life, leaving him with only a sprig of rosemary and a leaf torn from her diary. He places it in his wallet, which later drops behind a panel in the house. Sentiment induces Sir Jasper to buy the coffee house and fifty years later, when a man of ninety, he returns and again watches the coronation procession, and recovers the yellowed leaf lost fifty years before. The cast includes Alexandra Carlisle, a noted English actress and beauty; Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, "the grand old lady of the American stage;" Harry Harwood, who is playing his original part, Hubert Druce, Robert Rendel, Lewis Edgard, Walter Soderling, Frances Landy, Helen Collier and Fred Goodwins.

Second Week of "Merely Mary Ann"

So thoroughly acceptable has Marjorie Rambeau proved herself in the name part of "Merely Mary Ann" at the Burbank that it has been scheduled for another week's production. Crowded houses have witnessed the performance during the past week and have appreciated the assistance given Miss Rambeau by her support, all of whom are "star" Burbank personalities. Ida St. Leon heads the list, followed by Forrest Stanley, Louis Bennison, Lillian Elliott, Walter Catlett, Edmund Lowe, James K. Applebee, Grace Travers, Winifred Bryson and other favorites.

Winter Garden Show at the Morosco

Clever impersonations by Al Johnson are the feature of "Dancing Around," which comes to the Morosco Theater the week of June 14. This spectacular and popular show was originally created for the Winter Garden in New York and proved one of the successes of the year. Jolson does not alone appear in his well known portrayal of "Gus," but he also does a "turn" as a hindoo prince, a Swiss guide, a Senegambian barber, Magnesia, a maid, and finally as himself, without his black make-up. A large and interesting beauty chorus is also part of the production.

Howard Huntington at Mission Play

Eighteen weeks of the present season's run, and twenty-four since the first production of the Mission Play have passed, and during that time many have seen John S. McGroarty's masterpiece six and eight times, as

for example Mr. Howard Huntington, the street railroad manager, has done. Ralph Bell has joined the Mission players and appears as Corporal Hosea, and Clyde McCoy as Andres, a part he presents admirably. The new dances have proved to be interesting additions.

Metropolitan Prima Donna, Orpheum

Headliners again fill the bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, June 7, at the Orpheum. Among the new comers will be Mme. Mariska Aldrich, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera company; and Tom Lewis, musical comedy star, and holdovers are Lew Dockstader and Emma Carus. Mme. Mariska Aldrich is the first of the Metropolitan Opera company's song birds to be heard in vaudeville while still under contract to that organization. She is, without a doubt, the most famous and talented singer who has been secured for vaudeville in many years. She will sing selections from operatic roles in which she has won her way to fame. Tom Lewis created "The Unknown" in George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." Recently he was the star of "High Jinks" which enjoyed a long run in New York city. At the Orpheum he will be seen in "Brother Fans," a comedy playlet of the great national game, written by Tom Barry. The Four Amaranths, a quartette of decidedly pretty girls, making their first American tour this season and who come here from Berlin's Winter Garden, are acrobatic dancers, whose act is picturesque and wondrously attractive. Frances Nordstrom has written a one-act play entitled "All Wrong." Her support includes William Pinkham. Val Harris and Jack Manion will offer a singing absurdity entitled "Uncle Jerry at the Opera." The usual excellent symphony concert and the latest news views will round out an exceptionally fine bill.

"Clansman" Fifteenth Week, Clune's

Fourteen weeks of playing to overflow houses has prompted Mr. Clune to extend the engagement of D. W. Griffith's famous production of the "Clansman" another week at his Auditorium theater. It is most popular with eastern tourists and thousands from New York and Boston, compelled to expend two dollars for the same performance in their home towns, are taking advantage of their stay here, to see it at popular prices.

Betty Nansen at Miller's

Tolstoy's startling story "Resurrection" has been picturized as "A Woman's Resurrection" and will be seen at Miller's Theater Monday, June 7. The intensity and pathos of the story; the powerful acting of the three great stars, and their capable support, hold one. Betty Nansen, royal actress, in this production comes up to all the claims made for her when she first arrived in this country under the Fox banner. She makes the author's heroine, young, vivacious, full of life and beautiful to look upon and when necessary rises to heights of emotional artistry. William J. Kelly, a new Fox star, and popular young leading man on the stage, is the hero, and Edward Jose rightly earns his title of "The Warfield of the Pictures." Arthur Hoops, Stuart Holmes, Ann Sutherland, Francis Lorrimer, Edgar Davenport and Bertha Brundage all do splendid work. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday's added feature is the third installment of the serial beautiful "The Goddess," while on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday the attraction is "The New Exploits of Elaine."

"Clemenceau Case" at Garrick

Theda Bara of "A Fool There Was" fame comes to the Garrick theater Monday, June 7, in "The Clemenceau Case," a photoplay based on Dumas'

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celebrated story. The latest installment of the thrilling "Diamond from the Sky" will complete the bill. Jane Miller in "The Valley of the Missing," a stirring story set amid beautiful scenery, and the current instalment of "The Diamond from the Sky" will be shown at the Garrick for the last time tomorrow.

Double Bill at Superba

Featuring "The Boss," a five act photo-drama, based on William A. Brady's stage success, and "Housekeeping Under Cover," a delightful comedy with Kathryn Osterman in the star role, a double bill program is offered at the Superba for the week beginning Monday, June 7. "The Boss" is vital because of the strong political situations. Finance and intrigue mingle with a love story giving Holbrook Blinn adequate opportunity to display his forceful personality. Alice Brady, daughter of the producer, plays the wife.

Civic Repertory Company's Success

Completely diversified one-act plays were those on the program of the Civic Repertory Company at the Little Theater Friday evening. A modern social drama; a fairy-like pantomime—a remarkable fantasy of the gates of Paradise—and an allegory of love comprised the ensemble. The first two were by local authors. "A Departure," by Professor Forrest Bailey of Manual Arts High School, was enacted by Miss Dora Holmes, Clarence Voight and Wendell Wilson. The pantomime, "Cat-Fear," the work of Miss Marion Norris, for which incidental music had been written by Harold Gleason, well-known as an organist of Pasadena, received excellent rendering by Adelaide Cannon, Lawrence Tibbett and Henry Reinecke, who were the actors, and Margaret Andrus, Martha Graham, Georgia Mintz and Evelyn Moar, who gracefully pirouetted. "The Glittering Gate," a masterpiece by

Lord Dunsany, gave Victor Rottman and Harold Mosher fine opportunities to show their capabilities, and "The Maker of Dreams" was quite as successful as a finale with Florence Brown, Cecil Irish and Max Pollock. In this act the pure black-and-white stage set was used to good effect.

Cummock Juniors in One-Act Plays

Junior students of the Cummock School of Expression were the portrayers of three interesting one-act plays in the school auditorium Thursday evening, June 3. Their interpretation of male and female characters as presented by Mrs. Evelyn McHugh, Winnie Sinclair, Marie Podrasnik, Amy Baird and Marguerite Andrus in Jeanette Marks' clever comedy, "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo;" Abbie Pedroy, Gertrude Grant, Ruth Avery and Nell Bennett in Stanley Houghton's "The Fifth Commandment," and Constance Campbell, Louise Darmody, Agnes Hardin and Truxa Mouser in Margaret Cameron's "The Christmas Chime," were well studied roles. The performances were given under the direction of Miss Nina Moise, a member of the faculty. A large and appreciative audience witnessed the productions.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 21, 1915.

(Non-Coal) 015492
Notice is hereby given that Nathan Gordon, of Cornell, California, who, on June 7, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 015492, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 7, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 9th day of July, 1915.
Claimant names as witnesses: Nathan Wise, Charles Burrett, Frank T. Davis, Ludwick Schmidt, all of Cornell, California.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

Social & Personal

A TRACTIVE among the week's affairs was the large and brilliant reception given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. David A. Vail at her beautiful home in South Pasadena. Mrs. William Maurice Duncan was the guest of honor and more than three hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon, guests being received between the hours of two and five o'clock. The home was exquisitely decorated with quantities of yellow broom and coreopsis blossoms, mingled with feathery gypsophila and Matilija poppies. Refreshments were served in the gardens beneath the great spreading oaks. Mrs. Vail was assisted in receiving and entertaining her guests by Mrs. Whitcomb of Chicago, the mother of Mrs. Duncan; Mrs. Mary Nelson, Mrs. Alonzo B. Cass, Mrs. Walter B. Sebree, Mrs. Maurice Crow, Mrs. Edward Fisher Hobart, Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton, Mrs. Charles Bennett, Mrs. Fanny Westlake, Mrs. William Council, Mrs. Carl McStay, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Amy Davenport and Miss Louise Lehman. Little Ruth Gilbert, Frances Vail and Marjorie Vail assisted in the gardens.

Mrs. Laurence Field Kelsey left recently for the north to pass a fortnight with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring, who are there for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Spring have leased their home in Beverly Hills and are temporarily located at the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco, dividing their time between the exposition and motoring trips about the peninsula district.

Mrs. A. Sherman Hoyt of Pasadena was the charming hostess Sunday last at an interesting informal gathering at which Mr. Sidney Francis Hoven of Australia and New Zealand gave a splendid interpretation of "Fairyland," the American \$10,000 opera soon to be given its initial presentation in this city.

Miss Amy Busch was the charming hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon given at her home on Portland street. The affair was attractively appointed and was given in honor of Miss Daphne Drake, who will become the bride in November of Mr. Sayre Macneil, son of Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil. Twelve guests were present, including those who later will attend the bride-elect at her wedding. A number of other pre-nuptial affairs are planned in honor of Miss Drake and her fiancé prior to the summer vacations. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell will give a large dancing party for the young couple June 25 and other delightful parties are being planned for them in the near future.

One of the prettiest of the season's weddings was that of Miss Belle Whitaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melville T. Whitaker of 815 West Eighteenth street, who Wednesday noon became the bride of Mr. Ross Morgan Galbreth. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Hugh K. Walker at the home of the bride's parents, and was witnessed only by relatives and a few of the most intimate friends. The home was artistically decorated with quantities of roses, Shasta daisies and foliage. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white lace made over charmeuse satin. The veil was caught in place by sprays of orange blossoms and the bridal bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley and roses. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, the dining room being at-

tractively decorated with garlands of ferns and roses. The table was ornamented with a centerpiece of the blossoms and ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Galbreth left later for a wedding trip and after July 1 they will be at home to their friends at 434 Harvard boulevard.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan Jr., was hostess Tuesday afternoon at an artistically appointed tea given at her home on West Twenty-fourth street in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan Sr., who is her house guest. The home was attractively decorated with baskets of spring blossoms and foliage and in the dining room a basket of waxen gladiolas formed an effective center piece. Tea was served in the gardens and indoors; a musical program being rendered during the serving of the collation.

Mrs. J. J. Van Kaathoven is soon to have as her guest, her mother, Mrs. W. W. Belknap, who will leave New York in the near future for the Western trip. Mrs. Belknap is well known in the exclusive society circles of Washington and is a woman of brilliant attainments and charming personality. Her visit here will be the occasion for much enjoyment on the part of Mrs. Van Kaathoven's friends, who will be privileged to meet her.

Several hundred invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams for a garden party which they are to give in their beautiful grounds in Chester place, June 12. The affair promises to be one of the smart events of the season and is the first really large affair that the family has given since the return of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams from their wedding trip a few months ago.

Among the worthy benefits given annually are the card parties for the Children's Hospital. An affair is being planned for June 8, to be given at the Ebell Club House. Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Ridgway is president of the auxiliary of the Children's Hospital and Mrs. Jefferson Chandler an active assistant. These two charming hostesses with their assistants and the board of directors promise a delightful afternoon for all who attend.

Miss Katherine Ramsay after an enjoyable trip to Japan returns to San Francisco this week, where with her mother and sister, Mrs. William Ramsay and Miss Marjorie Ramsay, she will stop over for several days to visit the exposition, before returning to the family home here.

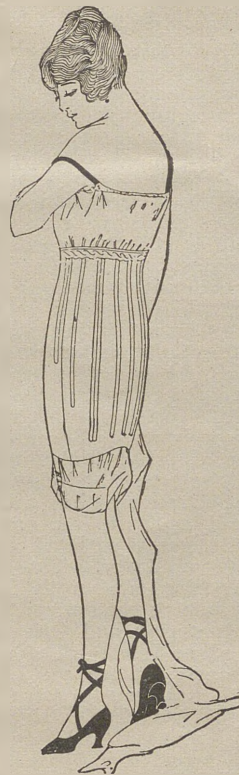
Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt has gone to Tacoma, Washington. She will visit with friends in the northern city and plans to be away from Los Angeles about six weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Fleming of 966 Hoover street are planning a visit to the northern part of the state, including the exposition and many of the northern resorts. They will be accompanied by their two daughters, the Misses Alice and Ruth Fleming. They plan to leave about the first of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny are planning a dinner party Friday, June 14, which promises to be a brilliant affair.

Of wide-spread interest was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Lucy Carson, member of one of the famous old Spanish families of Southern California, to Mr. Neal Rassmussen, nephew of former State Sen-

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ator Rassmussen of Wisconsin. The ceremony was witnessed by about fifty relatives and was performed in the chapel at the Dominguez ranch-house, built in 1820, by Manuel Dominguez, the grandfather of the bride, who received the gift of many thousands acres of land as a special concession from the King of Spain. Masses of pink carnations were used in decorating the rooms, the same floral effect predominating in the dining room, where the wedding supper was served. The bride, an attractive brunette, was attired in a gown of white taffeta with which she wore a black meline picture hat, trimmed in rosebuds of pink. Her attendants included her sister, Mrs. Joseph Ather-ton and Miss Caldwell. Mr. David Carson, brother of the bride, served the bridegroom as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Rassmussen will make their home in Racine, Wisconsin, where the former is engaged in the practice of law.

Idyllwild is likely to prove alluringly attractive this season and several families are planning to pass at least a part of the summer there. Among those who have already made their arrangements for visits to this resort are Mr. and Mrs. Leo St. Clair Chandler, who will be there through August, occupying the Friesner cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Friesner will entertain their friends there for weekends. Col. J. T. Cochrane accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Walter Dodsworth of Kansas City are to go up about July 1, and Miss Katherine Stearns of St. James Park will entertain a party of her friends at the mountain retreat about the same time.

Miss Anita Thomas, the attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas is expected to arrive today from Washington, D. C., where she has been attending Miss Somers' school. She will be accompanied by

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Miss Harriet Bush, who was her guest last summer, and who was the recipient of much delightful social attention. Already a merry round of informal and outing parties are being planned for Miss Thomas and her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garfield Warren of Andrews boulevard entertained last evening with a reception. The affair was prettily appointed and greatly enjoyed by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo V. Youngworth, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Marion R. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harvey made up a delightful party which passed the last week end at Avalon, returning Monday evening.

Social circles of Los Angeles and Sierra Madre were given a surprise a few days ago when the engagement was announced of Miss Anna C. Coffey, sister of Dr. Titian Coffey, well known physician of Los Angeles, and Col. William Garland, formerly of the Confederate army and a wealthy manufacturer of South Carolina. The marriage will take place the latter part of this month and it is planned to enjoy a honeymoon trip to Panama on board a palatial yacht chartered by Col. Garland, especially for the tour. Miss Coffey is socially prominent in Pasadena and Sierra Madre. Col. Garland retired several years ago from the active management of his business, but directs the policy of the company. Following the wedding trip it is likely that the couple will return to Pasadena to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon D. Ryus of 2715 Wilshire boulevard have as house guests Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hall of Lansing, Michigan. Mr. Ryus and his guest, Mr. Hall, left Tuesday for a week of fishing at Catalina. Mrs. Hall will pass a few days with Pasadena friends meanwhile. Later Mr. and Mrs. Ryus will take their guests for motor trips in Southern California.

Three hundred invitations have been issued by the Principals' Club of the Los Angeles schools for an elaborate luncheon to be given Saturday, June 12, at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Mrs. Frank L. Deming and her charming daughter, Miss Helen Deming of Highland Park, Illinois, have returned to the Beverly Hills Hotel where they will make their home.

Of interest to a large circle of friends is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Ruth Wood Locke, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Locke, to Dr. William Ben Thompson of South Pasadena, son of Mrs. T. L. Thompson. Miss Locke is an attractive and accomplished young woman. She is a graduate of the University of Southern California and has just finished her post-graduate work at Stanford. Dr. Thompson is also a graduate of the University of Southern California, as well as of Berkeley, and will complete his course in the medical department of the state university next May. The wedding will take place in the spring. Miss Ruth attended her sister, Miss Lucile Locke, as maid of honor when she was married a few seasons ago to Mr. William Fletcher White, and Dr. Thompson stood with the bridegroom as best man. The romance which resulted in the engagement just announced began at that time. First news of the betrothal was told last Saturday at a smart luncheon given by Mrs. William Fletcher White and Miss Flora Cronemiller at the Los Angeles Country Club. The large round banquet table was centered with a beautiful cage enclosing two white doves, and set in a mound of Cecile Bruner buds and maidenhair ferns. The guests included Mrs. Bryant Mathews, Mrs. John McCarthy, Mrs. Monroe Montague, Mrs. John

Way, Mrs. Walter Bowie, Mrs. Walter Butler, Mrs. Carl Klitten, Mrs. Thomas Loynahan, Mrs. Edgar Wall, Miss Helen Bullard, Miss Margaret Hanna, Miss Ruth Elliott, Miss Jane Thompson, Miss May Craig, Miss Frances St. John, Miss Katherine Atkinson, Miss Inez Johnson, Miss Ethel McCoy, Miss Hazel White, Miss Frances Graham, Miss Florence Parmalee, Miss Lucille Zander, Miss Mary Parker, Miss Gladys Bridges and Miss Margaret Locke. Following the luncheon a musical program was given to which Mrs. T. L. Thompson, Mrs. Charles Edward Locke, Mrs. C. A. Parmalee and Mrs. W. S. Cronemiller were invited. Dr. Locke is one of the best known Methodist divines in Southern California and is pastor of the First Methodist church in Los Angeles.

Miss Helen King, daughter of Judge and Mrs. M. R. King of Ocean Park, was the guest of honor recently at a charming luncheon given by Mrs. H. R. Gage of South St. Andrews place. American Beauty roses attractively formed a centerpiece for the table. Places were set for Miss King, Mrs. M. R. King, Mrs. Ernest Mansur, Mrs. Blanche Burmester, Mrs. Earl Fraser, Mrs. E. W. Murphy, Mrs. G. M. Jones, Miss Jean Magee and Miss Olive Lappe. Miss King, whose engagement was announced several weeks ago to Mr. William J. Dawley, of Cleveland, Ohio, has chosen Wednesday, June 30, for the date of her marriage and in the afternoon Miss King was showered with dainty gifts for her trousseau chest.

Among the many charming social courtesies that have been extended Mrs. Stratham Barret of Henderson, Kentucky, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barret of Orchid avenue, was the bridge tea given Thursday, by Mrs. Robert M. Straub, at her home on Hartford road, Beverly Hills. Sharing honors with Mrs. Barret was Mrs. Cadwalader Evans of Nova Scotia, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Frank Thornburg of Brentwood Park. The house was a bower of sweet peas in varied colors. Besides the guests of honor, others who enjoyed the affair were Mrs. Robert P. McJohnston, Mrs. William T. Gould, Mrs. Alexander B. Barret, Mrs. E. F. Bogardus, Mrs. C. R. Paul, Mrs. Edmund Locke, Mrs. Arthur Penny, Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott, Mrs. W. B. Hunniwell, Mrs. George Wilson, Mrs. A. E. Holmes, Mrs. S. G. Kreeger, Mrs. S. S. Sandberg, Mrs. E. F. Weary, Mrs. T. A. Thompson, Mrs. Charles Domhoff, Mrs. Baird of Fort Leavenworth, Miss Homel of Boston, Miss Domhoff and Miss Florence Thornburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Britt of 2141 West Adams street entertained Thursday evening with a charmingly arranged dinner party. The table was fragrant with summer blossoms. Thirty guests were asked to the affair. Following the dinner Miss Freda Peycke entertained the company with a delightful program of musical recitations.

Among the many interesting visitors who will be in Los Angeles this summer is Mrs. Julia Brigham of Philadelphia and Cuba. Mrs. Brigham is coming especially to see her tiny granddaughter, little Miss Elizabeth Morton, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Statley Morton. Mr. and Mrs. Morton formerly lived in Pasadena but are now located at the Bryson Apartments.

Major and Mrs. E. W. Moore of the Soldiers' Home are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Herbert Walker and little daughter, of Fillmore. Major and Mrs. Moore's other married daughter, Mrs. William Thatcher Cade, Jr., is with Captain Cade at

the United States army post at Manila, P. I., and is planning to pass the summer months at the famous resort at Baguilo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Prentiss of Denver, accompanied by the latter's mother, Mrs. A. R. Fraser of Venice, have gone to San Francisco for a visit and while there they will be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street has returned home after a delightful visit of three weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay King of 266 Rampart street have as a visitor their sister-in-law, Mrs. Zenus Jones of Chicago. Mrs. Jones plans to pass the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Mason of Pasadena have taken a cottage at Hermosa Beach where they will pass the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Mason are planning to entertain their friends with week-end parties throughout the season.

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Art



By Beatrice de Lack-Krombach

WHEN C. P. Townsley began his studies in Paris, Monet had already won his place as an exponent of plein air. His influence on the young student body was tremendous. While Mr. Townsley is not a follower of the impressionistic school he uses their method of presentation in his most recent canvas "Sunshine," here-with illustrated. It exhibits fine understanding of values in its luminous blue tones and contrasting notes of golden sunshine which filters through a window in the studio where it was painted. When viewing it the motif for logical impressionism came to mind. I turned and asked his interpretation of impressionism as compared with post-impressionism. "In the former method," said he, "the idea is to use pure color in spots in order to obtain vibrations of light. Those who follow this cult modeled their work upon the traditions of the academic standard, drawing as they did, but adopting a new technique. The post-impressionist and those following kindred movements refuse to accept the academic standard and seek to be naive and see with a child's vision—using blacks, brilliant reds, yellows, and in fact the crudest color combinations possible."

He continued, "If art is to progress new phases of development are necessary. Continual warfare must be waged between the academic and the revolutionary. The only difficulty lies in the fact that those striving for definite advance may not know how much to accept or refuse on either side, for neither side is wholly right or wrong. The conservative holds a standard based upon reason and experience, but its disadvantages are that its rules are likely to become cut and dried, thereby producing automations among its followers. The radical refuses to accept authority without understanding it, thus opening the way to new fields of endeavor, and encouraging artists to think for themselves."

"Post-impressionism and its kindred developments represent a swing-

ing away of the pendulum from the low toned palette used by Whistler and the tonalists and lead toward a brighter and higher keyed palette. The danger of this new movement is that it encourages the incompetent to a show of their incompetency, and has a tendency to foster in the young artist a desire to forego the fundamental training necessary to a successful career. It frequently also leads him to believe that anything contrary to the academic standard is

fore the Dance," "Practicing," "The Dancing School," "Yvonne," "In the Dressing-room," "The Rose," and another "Ballet Girl in White" are to be seen. These canvases which have been reviewed at length in these pages take the place of the Guy Rose pictures which were to have hung on this wall for the next two weeks. Mr. Rose decided that his own exhibition had been of too recent date. He will be one of the first exhibitors in the one-man shows next fall. With the close of the Kronberg display especial exhibitions come to an end until the winter season opens. Curator Maxwell expects early in the spring to initiate the first annual competitive exhibition by American painters. It will be held in the main gallery and proper awards for merit are to be made. Through the summer a score or so of new canvases by prominent artists will be shown.

* * *
Sir Seymour Haden's etchings have been so much enjoyed by visitors to



"SUNSHINE." CANVAS BY C. P. TOWNSLEY

high art. In following the methods of the post-impressionist leader he thinks he himself is original, when in fact he is under the influence of a stronger individual and his work is in danger of being painted under a formula as exacting as the academic."

Kronberg's ballet and genre canvases which were on exhibition for several weeks at the Kanst Art Gallery have been transferred to the west wall at Exposition Park where they show to advantage. Sixteen, "The Grandmother," "Kimona," "Cardinal's Robe," "The Slipper," "Ballet Girl in White," "Ballet Girl in Blue," "Mlle. Lopokova," "Preparing for the Dance," "The Mirror," "Be-

Exposition Park that their showing has been extended until June 15. Those wonderful monotypes by Clark Hobart's have been on the east wall since Thursday and remain there until June 17. One is reminded of many beautiful things when gazing on them. Several make one think of an old Broche shawl, others of the magic in an opal, and then as you turn you may see radiant and serene color in delightful harmonies like weaves in an old Persian rug. All are interpreted with luminous waves of light that vibrate imaginings into the mind of even the most prosaic spectator. Mr. Hobart is too much of a poet to name his compositions—at times he conceives them with material accompani-

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Sir Seymour Haden—etchings—Museum Art Gallery.
Clark Hobart—fifty monotypes—Museum Art Gallery.
Contemporary and old school canvases by well known men—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill.
Esther Mabel Crawford—desert landscapes—State Normal School.
John Burr—interior—A. A. Byrens gallery, 836 South Broadway.
Harry Raymond Henry—land, beach and seascapes—Royce Gallery, South Hill.
Esther Hunt—Chinese children—Bentz Art Shop, 213 West Fourth.
Art fabrics in print and cretonne textures at Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.
Old master reproductions in antique frames—Duncan, Vail Co., 730-732 South Hill.
Hand-colored platinum prints of missions—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.
Art photographs of June brides in home surroundings—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theater Bldg.
Rookwood Pottery—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.
Henry Wolf—wood engravings—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

ments and again he is symbolical and allegorical, always with a sane and logical giving of planes of value in modeling and tone. From all of this you will have gathered that he leans rather to a low-toned palette; he does, but he depicts that chromatic scale with sparkle and vibration. He understands the flexibility of this medium of oil on copper or zinc as few others. Whether the inspiration of his composition inclines toward the prosaic or visionary they can claim no association with mediocrity, there is only fine, rare understanding of the subtlety of things. Mr. Hobart has been honored with a special section in the Fine Arts Building in San Francisco.

Monotyping is but a recent growth in art expression, though it was first attempted about a half century ago. Then for a time it was not revived. In 1911 Albert Sterner held an appreciative exhibition of these prints in New York and from this date new impetus has been given to their development. Many fear to attempt using this medium, because of the difficulty encountered in their successful production. What makes it most trying is that error cannot be corrected as the composition may not be worked over.

Four fine new canvases from the brush of Maurice Brown of San Diego have a place of honor on the walls at the Kanst Gallery on South Hill street. "The Morning Idyl," a hillside, enwrapped in the mists of early day, with young maids disporting themselves, is a fine bit of aesthetic color depiction. "Quiet Dale" is a large canvas of a hillside field, fresh in spring's young tones, with the light of afternoon playing here and there. "The Creek in Springtime" and "Springtime" are less significant, but just as interesting in interpretation. Other canvases which have created unusual interest at this gallery are E. Loyal Field's three landscapes. These tenuous, though not hazy presentments of New England open spaces, are splendidly treated and understandingly depicted. Too bad so fine a hand had to lose its power. The Twatchman canvas while sketchy in places, is a joy to look upon, for the very atmosphere senses its great verity of feeling and appreciation of the beautiful in nature. Harry Roseland's genres take one back twenty years, when art was a smoothing and rubbing down in the blending of colors. When a man understands values in colorland so finely, it is a pity he arranges his compositions so crowdedly. What might he not have gained, if he had used either larger areas of canvas or eliminated unnecessary details. "The Miniature" is much admired, and justly so, for there is no detracting element to wean one's attention from the keynote of the picture, the dainty colonial miss in the garb which made her appear so handsome in the days of our forefathers. "Mother and Child" which shows an especially well modeled and color constructed baby's crib has also been given attention.

At Royar's on South Hill street, Harry Raymond Henry, who has lived here for the last five years, is holding his first exhibition of beach, land and seascapes, thirty in number. They remain on view until June 19. Mr. Henry received his fundamental art knowledge at the hands of John C. Johansen now at the head of the Art Student's League in New York, when he was resident in Michigan and later he received criticism at the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts where he studied landscape under Edmund H. Wuerpel. Since coming to the coast he has been engaged in executing the interior details of homes. Recently, he completed Oriental work in the Shelley Tolhurst home for which he also provided three easel

pictures. Two of these depict dawn effects and have a prominent place in the dining-room, while the third ornaments an upper room. One of these canvases has been loaned for exhibition at this time. In the east Mr. Henry had been invited to exhibit with the National Academy, but sold his canvas before it could be shown.

Two rare canvases which lay claim to old mastership have recently arrived in town. One belongs to Mr. James Tarbotton Armstrong and is a portrait of Sir William Penn, the father of William Penn, the Quaker. It was executed by Sir Peter Lely, born (Peter van der Fraes) and was secured at the sale of the effects of Sir Peter in 1861. It is believed to have been painted in the year 1651 when Penn was the vice-admiral of England and about thirty years of age. The second, which is of unusual value, is a portrait of Lady Vivian Alexander, painted in 1790 by H. Raeburn, who was a favorite artist in the days of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is said to have been found in an old cellar in London where it had been hidden forty years. Bertha De Witt Crosby, then residing in Savoy Mansion, London, makes affidavit to the effect that she believes it to be a likeness of the beloved niece of her great great uncle. The lady is posed in a white gown, and large picture hat with red plumes. She sits beneath a spreading oak with her pet spaniel on her arm. A. A. Byrens of 836 South Broadway has this canvas in his gallery. It is owned by S. Earl Craven now resident in Pasadena.

Trustees and faculty of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design extend a general invitation for the twenty-eighth annual exhibition and reception at the studio, Sixth and Alvarado streets, Friday evening, June 11, from eight to ten, and Saturday afternoon from two to five o'clock. The Palette Club of this school held its meeting last Tuesday evening when early types of architecture were discussed by Hamilton A. Wolf and Mr. James T. Armstrong. The architectural drawings of Ross Montgomery were exhibited. A social evening followed in the apartment of the director, Mrs. L. E. Garden-Macleod.

This month Jack Wilkinson Smith will be the exhibitor at the Friday Morning club house. His twenty-three canvases, several of which have been seen before and include loan canvases form an unusually attractive exhibit. The art section of the Friday Morning Club will celebrate its annual pilgrimage to the gallery at Exposition Park as part of this month's program.

Of interest to students in the Fine Arts department of the State normal school is the appointment of Miss Helen Clark Chandler to membership in the faculty in the fall. Saturday, June 19, will see the opening of the annual exhibition of the work in the art studios of the school. That day the building will be opened to the public from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the following week it may be visited at the usual hours. Miss Esther Mabel Crawford's exhibition continues in the art gallery until June 24.

Portraits "for remembrance" should interest the brides of June. E. Martin Webb, of the Majestic Theater Building, plans his settings for these mementos in home environments. What can be more appropriate as a souvenir of such occasion?

For several years Mrs. Randall Hutchinson has been chairman of the art committee of the Friday Morning Club. This department, under her able direction, has been an important factor in forming the basic prin-

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ciples of local art standards. It is therefore to be regretted that her term of office ends shortly. Of interest in connection with her more recent accomplishments is the "Festival of Festivals," a symposium of pictures representative of the celebration of the return of spring in various countries, given several weeks ago at a regular Friday morning meeting. So successful was this presentation that it has created much favorable comment and the entire setting has been bespoken for production in important eastern cities, New York among them. Locally, theatrical managers have bid for the privilege of including it in their programs.

Notes From Bookland

Putnams are about to publish a little story entitled "In Hoc Vince" by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary." The story relates an episode after the battle of Mons and is true in its main details. It is given, explains Mrs. Barclay, "as it reached me, in the sublime simplicity of a soldier's letter." Recently, the Putnams published a tender little story of the war by Mrs. Barclay entitled "My Heart's Right There," a story of the cottage homes of England and the women and the children who are left behind. The present story is in the nature of a complement, presenting a dramatic incident of the field.

From studying shorthand in a box-car while a "tramp printer," to writing a novel is quite a climb. Frank Blighton, who is the co-author with Charles Agnew MacLean of "Here's to the Day!" the first work of fiction with the great European war for a background, made it, however. In those days Blighton had odd experiences. Once, crossing Iowa in a side-door Pullman, his coach was invaded by five "yeggs." At the first big town the marshal and a posse was waiting. All were taken into custody. Blighton had to show the court he was what he claimed to be by reporting the hearing in shorthand and then "reading back" his notes. Whereupon he was discharged with a fatherly admonition to "pay railway fare hereafter," while the yeggs went to jail.

Little, Brown & Co. have brought out "A Girl of the Blue Ridge," by Payne Erskine, and "The Rim of the Desert," by Ada Woodruff Anderson. The former tells the story of a girl of the North Carolina mountains and of her fate after she comes into contact with the outside world. The latter has its scene laid in Alaska, which it sets forth as a land of rich resources and splendid possibilities, and in a desert valley in the Columbia River region.

Will Levington Comfort, whose new novel "Red Fleece," deals with the Russian advance in the Great War, tells a story of the Russo-Jap war, which he covered for a syndicate of newspapers. He was marching with a Russian column which was conveying a group of Jap prisoners, when he heard a tremendous uproar behind him and turned to find a Russian, whom he had noticed as the laziest and most unkempt of the column, coming to blows with a Jap in spectacles. The two men were parted,

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Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

and the lieutenant in charge proudly asked of the Russian soldier, "Did you defend the Fatherland from his aspersions?" "I did not," said the soldier, flatly. "The yellow hound declared that the Egyptian ushabti figures were merely symbolical and then on top of that he insulted me, sir, he insulted me. He said that Max Mueller was misinformed as to the source of the Bhagavad Gita. And then I beat him." The slovenly Russian was the Professor of Indo-Iranian tongues at the University of Moscow, and his Jap prisoner had studied with him at the University of London.

Books

ONE of the problems that Paul Rohrbach seeks to explain in his recent "German World Policies" is the hold that Berlin has obtained on the Young Turk. It is easier to understand the reasons if we peruse with sympathy Professor J. R. Burgess' "The European War of 1914." The tone is really Mohammedan throughout, with the slogan, "There is no God but Gott and Kaiser Wilhelm is his prophet." Anything more complete in the nature of worship than Dr. Burgess' world and history resumes from the standpoint of the court waiting-room at Berlin, it would be difficult to conceive. The writer boasts of a ten years' close friendship with the Kaiser, and he has surely been hypnotized. It is now eight years since he was chosen Roosevelt exchange professor of American History and Institutions at Berlin, and the Kaiser deigned in person to be present at his opening lecture.

Naturally, in these lectures, he would endeavor to show how much our country has owed to the excellent German immigrant; in Chapter IV of his book he pays a deserved tribute to the aid given by Steuben, de Kalb and other Germans in our Revolutionary War and to Sigel, Schurz and others in our Civil War. But, unfortunately, in so changing his viewpoint to suit a Berlin audience—graced by an Imperial guest—his vanity has, to use an old term, simply "run off with the harrows." He complains of the anti-German craze which has swept over the United States since last July, and this book is meant to stem it; but the tone is that of an impulsive freshman rather than that of an experienced student and ripe scholar, and contains that very "fisticuffs" attitude which he ought to condemn and suppress. How can a venerable J. U. doctor justify a passage like the following (pages 10-11)? He supposes a parallel case on this continent to the assassination at Sarajevo, "that our own vice-president and his wife had gone for an official visit to Austin, Texas, and had there been assassinated, in the execution of a plot hatched in Mexico City, in which the highest officials of the Mexican government had been found to be implicated. . . . What would the United States have done?" he asks. "In view of what she did do, I think it fair to say that she would have slapped Mexico off the face of the earth, and that in case any other power in the world interfered she would have told it to attend to its own business and stand aside or it would be slapped aside, too."

No wonder that Dr. Burgess' bete noire, Sir Edward Grey, and the Petrograd officials who actually believed that little Serbia had rights and was not to be condemned and crushed on a mere accusation from Vienna, get "slapped" remorselessly all through the book. Why, demands the author at page 18, could we not "trust the word of Austria-Hungary, which during the last few years has manifested great forbearance toward Serbia?" With this new Burgess international cult, the "Word" as it comes from Vienna or Berlin has a final quality.

Canadians will be interested to learn that "the greatest diplomatic and political blunder the United States has ever made" was its failure to sweep Great Britain off the continent last century, by purchase or otherwise, as

it "got Russia off the continent altogether at the close of the Civil War." The author foresees a time when Canada may be "occupied by Russia or Japan, and be administered by a satrap from Petrograd or Tokio." His diplomatic tact may be judged by one of the few references to Japan: "The vindictive little yellow man watched patiently for his opportunity to revenge himself against Germany (p. 56)." Why this needless sneer from a neutral American professor of jurisprudence, who might be called in at any time for consultation?

His use of terms frequently show either caprice or ignorance. "Militarism," as understood today, and as clearly and definitely set forth by Professor Munroe Smith in a recent volume of the Political Review, meant a carefully organized system of government which permits and prepares the executive to act immediately both defensively and aggressively on the basis of supposed military necessity. Dr. Burgess uses the term to signify mere "military capacity," when for instance he calls (page 115) Baron von Steuben "the greatest contribution of German militarism to the cause of independence." Again he uses the term "colonial empire," not, as the term should be used, of the self-governing parts of the British Empire, but of her imperial possessions, India and Egypt. As well term the Philippines a colony of the United States. Dr. Burgess' whole attitude, indeed, is effusively continental-European rather than American; and, if his book could be taken seriously is dangerously so. ("The European War of 1914; Its Causes, Purposes and Probable Results. By John William Burgess, Ph. D., J. U. D., LL. D. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

"Sundown Slim"

What Vachel Lindsay was to Kansas when he tramped through that state swapping poetry for bread and a bunk, so Sundown Slim was to Arizona; at least, his first meal at Antelope was in exchange for his "poetry," a susceptible cowboy having fallen for Sundown's brand of muse. Slim had been sidetracked at Antelope in a box-car that had been "cut out" of the Albuquerque local freight and having yelled for liberty a puncher came to his relief. The latter and his companions fed and lubricated Sundown's "innards" and then started him off on a wildgoose chase for a job as cook at a mythical hotel, for the hobo had resolved to exchange the rail for the trail. By a turn of fate the lank six-foot four of humanity, a sort of modern Don Quixote, did run on to a job and although the hobo-poet was regarded as "locoed" by a majority of his new associates on the Concho cattle ranch he presently won their good will and respect as his simple, honest nature was revealed to their observant eyes.

Henry Herbert Knibbs has succeeded in drawing a most lovable if idealized tramp in Sundown Slim. Sundown is not a fighting man; he has little use for firearms, prefers walking to riding and would not hurt a jack-rabbit, save as hunger compelled him to knock one over. Yet Sundown is the natural hero of Mr. Knibbs' new book and in spite of his diffident, peaceable disposition he steadily progresses in the reader's favor as the story comes to fruition. The deep-seated feud between sheepmen and

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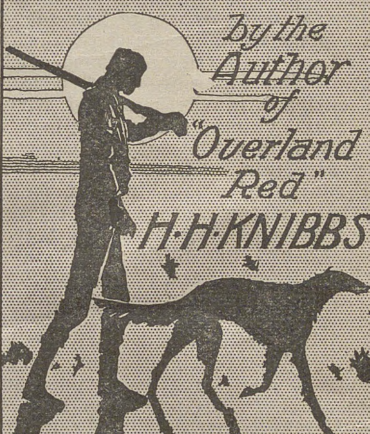
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cowmen forms the basis of the novel, with a love-episode that is more implied than assured, lending heart interest to the book. How Sundown helps to bring about an era of better-feeling between the opposing interests, wins the love of a plump little senorita and becomes a sure-enough homesteader are told with a great deal of breezy skill by the author who shows himself to be quite at home in the saddle and at the roundup.

There is plenty of red blood in this story of the great southwest and not a little of it is shed in summary fashion. But in that country of mesquite and mesa, where the law was usually self-administered a few killings are to be expected and Mr. Knibbs is never disappointing. His "Overland Red" prepared his readers for a picturesque successor and in Sundown Slim, with his great love for dumb animals, his homely philosophy, and his big heart, Mr. Knibbs has portrayed a new kind of western hero. How Sundown nursed back to life and health the wolf-dog, Chance, following his tussle with a gaunt timber wolf, is one of the dramatic bits of the book. After that, Chance and Sundown were inseparable, and they were an oddly-matched pair. There is a fine atmosphere of the rangy west permeating the story which is told in a natural, unaffected manner that is at once a charm and a lure. The character of John Corliss, master of the ranch, is well depicted, but that of his younger brother, Will, is not so convincingly presented. His robbery of the payroll of the ranch, in which he owned a half interest is hardly logical, while his sudden restitution and quick reformation are hard to accept as likely sequences.

But Bud Shoop, the foreman of the Corliss ranch is a flesh-and-blood character and Eleanor Loring, daughter of the sheep-man, who is at log-

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gerheads with the Corliss boys, is also a real personage, although not so tangible as the male characters introduced. John's love for her is genuine, if checked, but we feel that Billy's return with a wife insures John the hand of Eleanor, which is as it should be, for they were meant for each other. Mr. Knibbs is a Los Angeles author who has succeeded in winning his audiences through sheer merit. He is fond of depicting the hobo as a man of poetic instincts and although we confess not to have met the type he loves to portray, that is not to argue he does not exist. We are willing to accept his kind without a protest, for however skeptical we may be as to his actuality he is a most engaging cuss—especially this Arizona rover whom love domesticated. ("Sundown Slim." By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Illustrations in color by Anton Otto Fischer. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Bullock's.) S. T. C.

Fifty-one Dunsany Tales

Products of Lord Dunsany's pen are always difficult to classify as they do not fall into any accepted division of literature; his latest book, entitled, "Fifty-one Tales," is a further advance along the fanciful line of its predecessors. A few of these tales are new interpretations of old-time fables; some are little more than anecdotes; many are prose poems of the finest type; in instances, other characteristics are subordinated to the essay quality; many are dreams; humor is apparent in several, while in spots there is a grim, tragic note. Though they thus defy classification, the philosophy of their author is more easily grasped and comprehended. Lord Dunsany is deeply impressed by the transitory character of man's domination on this earth; by the ugliness and sordidness of much of his so-called civilization; by the beauty of nature, much of which has been destroyed by man in establishing this civilization; by the refusal of man to heed the prophet and poet, turning rather to give ear to the insinuating words of the demagogue and the merchant. The city, in particular, the author holds in abomination, and he frequently laughs at the permanence of man's masterpieces. Just how much a reader will get out of these tales will depend entirely upon the spirit in which they are read. If one should attempt to find the message they contain while riding on a street car, they will appear absurd; for a proper understanding one should be reclining on a mossy bank, near a stream of sweetly-running water, far from all turmoil and strife and the noise of trade. Then the deeper meaning in these little gems of thought would be apparent and they would be well worth reading again and again. ("Fifty-one Tales." By Lord Dunsany. Mitchell Kennerley. Bullock's.)

"On Sunset Highways"

In the preface to this latest book, "On Sunset Highways," Thomas D. Murphy says, "It is a pleasure to turn from war-torn Europe, the theme of my previous motor-travel books, to the romantic and peaceful highways of our own Sunset Land. The wonder now is that we did not make California our goal before we crossed the ocean to find a field for motor adventure; it would have cost far less in money and yielded not less in interest and enjoyment." But Californians should be glad that this authority on automatic travel has gone frequently to Europe—it gives him a perspective which, unhappily, is lacking in the writer of the superlative literature on which we are usually fed, and that this author with his wide experience is just as enthusiastic about the state as the chronic "booster," speaks well for what we have accomplished in developing the new land. Here is valuable evidence for the oft-repeated assertion that our roads are as good as any on the globe, that our hotels

yield to none, that our climate is as near perfect as may be, that our towns are growing not only in mere population, but also in artistic value. No true Californian can read this book without feeling well satisfied and wishing to send the volume to a doubting Thomas in the east whom he has tried, without success, to entice to God's own country.

Though Mr. Murphy's book is, of course, of prime value to the motorist, it holds absorbing interest for everyone. The author deals not only in roads and hotels and views, but also in history and human incidents. He praises our good roads, and when he does speak of a bad one, he usually amends his remark by saying "a new road will doubtless be built in the near future." Indeed, many "trails" which he accuses of being nearly impassable, have already been replaced by perfect highways. And he explored this end of our state not longer ago than 1913! Historically, the author deals with the leading events concisely and interestingly. As a hand-book for the tourist, the volume lacks but one thing—a more extensive treatment of the larger cities, for Santa Barbara occupies a larger space in his account than Los Angeles and San Francisco combined.

No review, however brief, would be adequate without mention of the numerous and beautiful pictures. These include charming reproductions of paintings by Morgan, Balfour, Moran, Gay, Gamble, Gray, Coutts, Hobart, Yard, Hagerup, Welch, Jorgenson—truly, California may well be proud not only of the number, but also of the merit of her artists. There are also numerous photographs, of which the author remarks, "I can only say that the artistic beauty and sentiment evinced in every one of these pictures entitles its author to be styled artist as well as photographer." ("On Sunset Highways." By Thomas D. Murphy. L. C. Page Co. Bullock's.)

In the June Magazines

William Roscoe Thayer continues his compilation from the unpublished letters of John Hay in Harper's for June. "Unemployment and Business" discussed by Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board, United States steel corporation. His points made center about the resources and opportunities for the commercial success of the country. Of interest to Californians is Henry Seidel Canby's "The Last Stand of the Redwoods" in which he lauds the beauties of the Sierra forest where they abound in richness of verdure and makes a plea for the conservation of these giants of our domains. Also of local interest is "Southward From the Golden Gate" by Alice Cowdery. Mary Heaton Vorse leads in the fiction contributed. Margaret Cameron presents part one of "Patricia, Angel-at-Large;" Olivia Howard Dunbar, "The Blasphemer;" Norman Duncan "A Hypothetical Case" and Marie Manning "Miss Donithorne's Arabian Night."

Again Mrs. Wharton contributes her experiences in war-ridden France in Scribner's. "In Argonne" gives details of visits to Chalons, and beyond as far as Verdun, where she went among the sick and wounded quartered in ambulances. Those who enjoy baseball will be entertained by Lawrence Perry's "Baseball—The Ideal College Game." "The Human Element in Administration" as associated with the building of the Panama Canal is cleverly analyzed by General Goethals who humorously tells of certain little complications which must arise where there is so vast a degree of distinction based upon salaries received. Another famous delineator of human elements, Brander Matthews, writes of "The Rise and Fall of Negro Minstrelsy." Fiction blossoms from the pen of John Galsworthy, Mary Guerin, Sarah Barnwell Elliott and Katherine F.

Gerould. Pictorially, this issue carries reproductions of Dwight L. Elmsdorf's beautifully colored lantern views of scenes in our national parks; Elenore Plaisted Abbott's frontispiece in colors and a copy of a handsome study of "The Great Beyond" of the Arizona desert, from the brush of W. R. Leigh.

Germany's antagonism toward the United States leads the features in World's Work. Other points discussed are "Why the World is Against Germany," "America's Diplomacy in This Crisis," "Pan-Germanism in the United States," "How Fast Can We Make Arms and Ammunition?" and "The Toll of the Submarine." "Your Government of the United States" discusses the advisability of centering control of the currency in the federal reserve board and most helpful should be the lesson to be learned from "An Investment in Candy" the experience of a widow in New Haven, Conn. Information concerning "Pork-Barrel Pensions" by Burton J. Hendricks is completed in "From the Evidence Submitted" and "How Joffre and Foch saved the French Army" is interestingly told by E. V. Stoddard. This sketch was personally criticised by an officer of the French general staff and thereby assumes additional authenticity. Theodore H. Price questions "Do We Really Owe Europe Anything?" and proves statistically that our need of her is infinitesimal as compared with our illusions of our dependency on her resources.

In Sunset Dr. W. N. Hailmann queries "Is Montessori the Educational Columbus?" and concludes that her practice, "although it affords a number of devices that invite adoption, is marred by serious inconsistencies and an all-absorbing hyperscientific oneness." "Motoring Among American Fjords" is pictorially



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ially and in words the log of a 1977-mile trip of variable waterways covered in eighteen days, though it would have been more adequately accomplished in four weeks, as its author Herbert C. Moss, states. Gertrude Xavier, Worth Ryder and Will Bishop have written fiction and color presentations serve as a frontispiece. Walter V. Woehlke tells of "The Land of Painted Hills" describing the ideal commonwealth which is building in Arizona on the old raiding grounds of the Apaches, and Roland Reed by means of his camera presents trophies of a photographic Indian campaign.

"Some Aspect of Reincarnation" is a topic in the current Theosophical Path by Magister Artium. That there is too much instruction and not enough education is the belief of W. A. Dunn whose article on "The Difference Between Training and Instruction" is featured. Percy Leonard contributes "The Waters of Forgetfulness," a thesis which should be helpful in self-analyzation. Whether or not music is spiritual may be known in reading E. A. Neresheimer's article on that subject. Kenneth Morris continues his discussion of "Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History" and the sculptures of Donatello are described and pictured by C. J. Ryan.

Helpful are the various departments set forth in The Nautilus. Paul Ellsworth's "Are You a Servant?" will aid the understanding of Bible students, and Axel Emil Gibson's "Feeling as a Source of Knowledge and Power," cannot fail to instruct seekers for intellectual food. An interesting symposium on a "New Thought Vacation" is worth reading, and the department of ways and means contains suggestions for the making of success in life.

Stocks & Bonds

EVIDENCES of a broader demand for stocks gave the market here this week a healthier appearance. Aside from a sharp drop in Los Angeles Investment there were no noteworthy changes in price. Interest converged in oil and mining issues. Union Oil showed a soft tone early in the week, sagging to \$56.50, but subsequently reacted a little. Western Union continues strong, although it has not been dealt in to any extent. The price at this writing is \$102.50.

In the mining department Big Jim Gold, only recently listed, has sold at 10½ to 10¾. It is a prospect property in the Oatman district. Other mining issues which have received attention are Yellow Pine and Consolidated Mines.

Besides the features of the oil issues mentioned Amalgamated, National Pacific and United Oil and Maricopa Northern have recorded scattered trades.

Los Angeles Investment has shown a falling off to 35½ to 36 cents. Home Telephone stocks and Producers Transportation in the industrial list have also received notice—Home preferred, particularly, around \$37.50 to \$38. A trade in the Home bonds has been reported.

Bank stocks remain lifeless. Last month's trading on the exchange aggregated in value of stocks dealt in excess of \$200,000, while the total shares sold amounted to about \$350,000, according to the statement issued by the secretary. Oils, as usual, stood first in the list, with Union in the lead, as regards valuation of dealings.

Speculative activities in the East have been duller in the last two weeks, owing to the further unsettlement produced by Italy's entrance into the war and the continued activities of the German submarines. This situation is at times reflected slightly in the local market, although, of course, only to a limited extent. Approaching summer is also acting as a deterrent influence on trading.

Banks and Banking

British finances are reflected in a treasury statement dealing with the English national debt, recently issued, which puts the total gross liabilities of the state April 1, 1915, at the sum of £1,165,801,702 which represents an increase for the year of £458,147,592. The total liabilities created in 1914-1915 amounted to £459,874,000 which is in contrast to the £4,426,249 raised in the previous year. The total amount applicable to the reduction of liabilities last year was £7,203,761 compared with £11,749,685 in the preceding year.

Fourth annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America has been called to meet in Denver, September 20, 21 and 22. The Brown Palace hotel has been selected as the headquarters.

Business conditions in the agricultural territory of which Kansas City is the financial and commercial center are reported to be first class. Bank deposits in the southwest, comprising most of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska and northwestern Missouri, are 20 per cent larger than a year ago. These increases are attributable to the enormous sales of wheat and to

the huge buying of horses and mules in that territory by the European belligerents. Bank clearings are running 30 per cent in excess of last year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Thursday, May 25

WAR NEWS: Sinking of the British battleship Triumph in the Dardanelles *** King of Italy takes command of his army *** Italian attacks on Corinthian frontier repulsed *** American steamship Nebraskan hits torpedo or mine *** Austrian successes in the Przemsyl district *** Violent engagement north of Arras *** Fresh British advance at La Bassee.

GENERAL: Ruling on the customs court on the 5 per cent. rebate clause in the Democratic revised tariff *** President Wilson received the Chinese business men who are touring this country *** Report of Villa's victory at Leon is said to have been premature.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Three hundred delegates arrive from a dozen states for great convention of advertising men *** Owner of valuable ranch arrested as one of "lottery ring" *** Trial of L. A. I. officers delayed as juror could not walk.

Friday, May 26

WAR NEWS: British battleship Majestic sunk in the Dardanelles *** Destruction of the British steamship Princess Irene off Sheerness *** British steamer Norwenna sunk by submarine *** Danish steamer Betty sunk by submarine *** Aerial raid on Ludwigshafen.

GENERAL: Heavy frost damages fruit crops in the East *** A mutual solidarity between the South and North American continents is reported at the Pan-American conference in Washington *** Steps toward the physical valuation of railroads were taken and discussed before the interstate commerce commission in Washington *** Carranza aviator flies over Villa's army at Naco *** Carranza is accused of seizing all the corn at Puebla intended for the people.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: The Campbell-Johnstons left much of their estate to Church of the Angels *** Ten men qualify as jurors in L. A. I. trial *** Ad men's convention in full swing *** Arrested men aiding government in the lottery dragnet *** First attempt made to scale Lassen Peak made yesterday and great changes are found in the crater.

Saturday, May 29

WAR NEWS: Italians landing in Rhodes *** Germans and Austrians six miles from Przemsyl *** Stubborn combats in Galicia *** Progress of the British troops toward La Bassee.

GENERAL: Judge Gary in address in New York advocates immediate strengthening of army and navy *** Secretary Daniels placed high ranking officers in charge of submarine flotilla for purpose of developing it *** Experts of foodstuffs show an increase nearly threefold *** Villa has seized all wheat in the Campus district and it is said

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there will be no seed for planting *** Red Cross appeals for starving in Monterey.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Prosecutor declares L. A. I. Company never earned a dollar until taken over by new management *** Arrangements begun for important convention of the California Inland Waterways Association next fall *** Memorial tablet unveiled at museum in honor of parents of Allan Hancock *** President of Pacific Coast receives loving cup from Los Angeles "ad" men *** Arizona murderers who were to have been hung receive reprieve as result of Bryan's intercession *** Advance guard of General Federation of Women's club gather at Portland, Oregon *** State bankers at San Francisco adopt resolutions favoring a merchant marine.

Sunday, May 30

WAR NEWS: Aerial raid of Venice *** Turks offer Bulgaria Adrianople to keep the Bulgars out of war *** French capture Ablain *** Battleship steamship Ethiope sunk by a submarine.

GENERAL: German colony in lower part of Brazil was on the verge of declaring independence when war broke out *** Alfred G. Vanderbilt leaves estate valued at close on to \$50,000,000 *** Assistant Secretary of Navy Roosevelt orders submarine F-4 docked before bodies are removed *** Loss of 5000 men to the army of Villa reported in his recent battle with General Obregon.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Topanga Canyon road opened *** Well-informed engineer declares one dam will make the Colorado River waters sufficient for irrigation needs of all time *** Steamer Mackinaw reported on fire at sea is safe *** Judge Humphries, enemy of socialists dead in Seattle *** Sacramento county day properly celebrated at Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Monday, May 31

WAR NEWS: Russians claim to have dislodged the German in attacks on their positions about Przemsyl *** Preparations being made by the Servians for another attack on Austria *** Fierce fighting north and south of Dixmude *** Progress made by allies in the Dardanelles.

GENERAL: Tremendous efforts being made to obtain clemency for Leo Frank at session of Georgia board of pardons today *** Dissatisfaction felt at reply to American note and President Wilson may send answer in twenty-four hours *** Diver working on submarine F-4 has narrow escape while inside of craft *** Villa armies threaten Nacozari and Agua Prieta *** Food being sent Americans in Monterey.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Memorial Day observed everywhere *** Famous landscape artist in Los Angeles whose home in Ostend was blown up by shell *** Explosion in Seattle first supposed to be earthquake turns out to be fifteen tons of dynamite intended for the Russians.

Tuesday, June 1

WAR NEWS: Zeppelin raids on London *** Heavy reinforcements to the Russians in Central Galicia *** Strong offensive by the Russians on the Dnieper *** Fighting in the western war zone of minor importance *** Italian invasion of Trent proceeding steadily.

GENERAL: George Newberry, aviator, killed while flying at Memorial Day exercises *** Aquintania, greatest ship in the world, reported

on the rocks *** Secretary to organize government employees at Washington into one club *** Jose Acero executed as spy at Naco *** Carranzistas officially deny famine in Mexico.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Uncle "Joe" Cannon passes through Los Angeles and names James Mann, minority leader, as his pick for President *** Compromise effected whereby municipality will acquire Union Hollywood water properties within city for \$500,000 *** Child Labor conference in session in San Francisco *** Lassen Peak quieting down.

Wednesday, June 2

WAR NEWS: Wilson to send a new note to Berlin *** Germans and Austrians still driving the Russians ahead of them in Galicia *** Zeppelin's raid London's metropolitan district.

GENERAL: Atlantic fleet not to come through canal on account of possible foreign complications *** Miss Nona McAdoo disgusted with nursing in France will return shortly *** Agua Prieta is expecting an attack by 3500 Villa men.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Defense indicates its plans in trial of former L. A. I. Company officers *** Four day children's parade starts today *** Greatest fruit and nut crops promised, but present problems for the marketers *** Petition to be sent President Wilson asking him to support suffrage amendment *** United States Court at San Francisco questions right of collector to hold up articles for belligerents in United States.

"Still Jim"

Doubtless, in the writing of "Still Jim," Honore Willsie had other object than the impressing upon civil engineers of the importance of being civil, though this feature of the rather charming novel of western life seems to be the most emphasized. Mrs. Willsie has proceeded upon the hypothesis that if a story with a purpose is good a story with several purposes is better. It is the desire of the dying race of New Englanders to leave their mark in enduring monuments in the land which their fathers founded that furnishes the theme for "Still Jim." The hero, from whom the book takes its name, is a young engineer in the United States Reclamation Service, who rises in a marvelous way which is stranger than truth, until he is in charge of a large project in the southwest. How, after living for himself for years in an endeavor to make a wife of his work, he finally overcomes many enemies through an aboutface in making friends with the farmers on his project, is delightfully told by the author, who as wife of a mining engineer, has lived in the country she describes and knows it thoroughly. "Still Jim" finally conquers, not only because of his changed outlook upon life, but through the assistance of the charming heroine, who although married to a helpless invalid, has remained true to her youthful lover. The invalid conveniently dies in time to provide a "happy ending." ("Still Jim." By Honore Willsie. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Bullock's.)

William Dean Howells has returned to New York from his Southern trip. He intends to write for Harper's Magazine his impressions of Charleston and St. Augustine. Not since "Their Silver Wedding Journey" has Mr. Howells written of his travels in this country. His latest book, "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon," was the result, as several others of his have been, of his annual visits to Europe.